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The Saturday Review of Literature

EDITED BY HENRY SEIDEL CANBY

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Conditioning the Future

CONSERVATIVELY estimated, 77,000,000 people attend the movies weekly in the United States. Of this number more than a third are minors, and one-sixth are under fourteen years of age. These minors, according to recent scientific investigation, retain seventy percent of what they see. Truly, as Henry James Forman, from whose book* we have culled these facts, remarks, "the screen becomes one of the most powerful single instruments in the education of our population." Books cannot vie with it, and only the home and the school take place beside it as instrumentalities for shaping the youth of the country, which is tantamount to saying the future of the country.

The trouble, we suppose, with the screen so far is that it has been in the hands of the commercial interests, and that the commercial interests will naturally take the line of least resistance toward success. If by tickling the child's normal interest in adventure, sex, or love by presenting them in crass form, they can make the children of the country wheedle the quarters they need for admission to the movie houses out of the pockets of their elders, they will give them adventure, love, or sex in such fashion. It is cheaper and easier than to furnish them productions that are the selections of educators and as carefully chosen as the school curriculum.

The radio has been less slow than the screen in seizing upon its opportunities as an instrument for education of the people at large. More and more it has added to its purely entertainment features, educational ones. The political and news summaries that are a regular feature of all large stations, the addresses of public men, the expositions in the fields of science, music, art, and literature which are constantly interrupting the jazz, and comedy, and minstrelsy of the programs, have already become a potent factor in shaping public opinion. The movie, that is to say, the talkie, has the enormous advantage over the radio of making appeal to two senses; it can enforce its statements with visual appeal. It ought to be an adjunct of national policy of inestimable value.

We have been brought to a fresh interest in its potentialities by the thought of the international conferences now taking place in Europe. And we have been wondering why adherents of peace the world over don't seize upon this implement ready to their hand to begin to build opinion for meetings of the League and its affiliates fifteen and twenty years hence. If Peace Societies would put some of their funds into collaborating with authors—and no author, not an H. G. Wells nor a Bernard Shaw, nor a Norman Angell, nor a Nicholas Murray Butler ought to stand too high for their purpose—, and authors would turn their talents to writing propaganda for the screen in such fashion that it was entertainment as well as lesson, we might get somewhere in the next half century or century with world amity. We won't so long as we wait to appeal only to the reason of adults. We may if we begin to instil peace doctrine as early and with the same assiduity and through as many agencies as we teach patriotism. You don't have to show the actual horrors of war to the tender mind of the child to make him hate it. (As a matter of fact, if you do, you'll probably make him see the magnif-

* OUR MOVIE MADE CHILDREN. By HENRY JAMES FORMAN. Macmillan.

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JAPANESE MAIDEN—By Chikanobu

Perfumed Pages

THE BRIDGE OF DREAMS. By LADY MURASAKI. Translated by ARTHUR WALEY. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co. 1933. $3.50.

Reviewed by JOHN CARTER

THIS, the sixth and final volume of "The Tale of Genji," confirms the judgment of Western critics that Lady Murasaki's delicate and intensely human novel of the court life of medieval Japan, is one of the world's great pieces of national literature. As such, it corresponds to the work of such great writers as Boccaccio, Cervantes, and Henry Fielding. This was the judgment when Waley's splendidly idiomatic translation—a translation which must rank with Burton's "Thousand and One Nights" and Fitzgerald's "Rubaiyát"—made the first volume available to English and American readers several years ago. The work has survived the test of six successive volumes and the verdict still stands unchallenged.

Nevertheless, it is as a contribution to English literature that Mr. Waley's transubstantiation—for more than translation is involved in the rendering of a medieval Japanese manuscript into our tongue—must be considered. It is not too much to say that, even by such a parochial test, "The Tale of Genji" takes rank as one of the notable books of our era. For it fits very precisely into the "literature of escape." Here we find no breadlines, no war debts, no revolution, no world politics, no economic struggle between individuals, classes, and nations. Instead, on opening Lady Murasaki's perfumed pages we are in a world of crystalline clarity, rigidity, and order. Mr. Waley comments shrewdly that "the 'accepted idea' which Murasaki embraces most unquestioningly is the belief that people of high family were the only good people in any sense." And the mother of the heroine of "The Bridge of Dreams" observed that "the more she saw of the world, the more certain she became that no good could come from mixing people of different birth and position."

It is refreshing to tired nerves to read of an ordered, ornamental, and gracious society. It is doubly reassuring, from a masculine viewpoint, to read of a world in which men—that is to say, gentlemen—were of supreme importance and women both submissive and intelligent. When we discover that the refreshments in Japan

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The Squirrel Cage of Debt*

By LAWRENCE DENNIS

THIS article is written in the light of the data and discussion contained in an excellent study entitled "The Internal Debts of the United States," just published under the auspices of the Twentieth Century Fund Incorporated. The director of the Twentieth Century Fund, Evans Clark, has edited the contributions of an impressive list of competent experts. The book merits high praise for the accuracy, adequacy, and manner of presentation of the statistical facts about our internal debts.

The analysis and recommendations of the book, however, fail to meet the fundamental challenge issuing from the world's credit impasse and related events, such, for instance, as the tarring of an Iowa judge who would not agree to deny mortgage foreclosures or the abandonment by the United States of the gold standard. In this respect the book recalls Professor Seligman's two volume study on installment selling, financed by the General Motors Corporation during the late installment selling boom. That ponderous piece of scholarship devoted but two or three brief sentences to a hurried allusion to the most important problem connected with installment credit, namely, the interest cost to consumers. The book, naturally, was packed with other curious and erudite data about installment selling. But a recent article in the *Harvard Business Review* contained more in a few pages about the interest cost of installment selling than Professor Seligman's 800 pages of research. The contributor of the article showed that interest charges on a large number of representative types of installment sales range from 14% to 67% per annum. The recommendations of the Twentieth Century Fund scholars with regard to debt problems are necessarily conditioned by the fact that most of them are college professors for whom interest on debts is a lifetime meal ticket.

A continuing series of crises in our debt problems, domestic and foreign, enumeration of which seems superfluous, furnishes dramatic and conclusive evidence that this is distinctly a debt or credit depression. Free traders complain that tariffs have impeded trade and technocrats assure us that the machine is too productive for our market. Yet, during the period 1915-1929, tariffs did not prevent international trade from breaking all previous records. Nor do tariff walls today keep American farmers from exchanging with hungry, unemployed American factory workers a surplus of food for manufactures, which are needed and could be, but are not being, produced. As for the overproductivity of the machine, suffice it to remark that during the boom years, at the peak of production, millions of human wants went unsatisfied and millions of Americans subsisted below a minimum standard for decent living. It is evident that, under our system, all we need to sell goods abroad over the highest tariff walls or at home against the greatest sales resistance is enough loans for consumption. But prosperity through loans for consumption must be temporary, for periods of debt cancellation must follow periods of debt making. And there's the rub.

* THE INTERNAL DEBTS OF THE UNITED STATES. Edited by EVANS CLARK. New York: The Macmillan Co. 1933. $4.50.

Hindrances to trade such as tariffs or human errors and frailties are like hindrances to the enjoyment of good health. Creations of new credit or debt are like the vitalizing forces poured into the human body by the ductless glands. While new loans are pouring fresh streams of purchasing power into the economic organism we do all sorts of extravagant things such as fighting big wars, settling new continents, and building new industries. In the doing of these things we prosper and raise our standard of living. When the credit source begins to dry up, our economic system slows down and our standard of living falls. According to the figures of the Twentieth Century Fund, long term debt in the United States rose from $37 billion in 1914 to $72 billion in 1920 and to $134 billion in 1929. Short term debt rose from $51 billion at the end of 1913 to $102 billion in 1921 and to $150 billion at the end of 1929. By the end of 1931 short term debt had declined to $112 billion and to $103 billion by the end of 1932. It is clear that prosperity goes with an increase in debt and that hard times accompany a net reduction of debt.

The question of the hour in respect to loans or interest is not whether credit expansion stimulates, or credit contraction paralyzes, trade. Those questions are settled. Nor, in my opinion, is the problem, as the authors of "The Internal Debts of the United States" seem to think, that of making a debt economy work better. The first question, as I see it, is whether an economic system which can only be stimulated by credit expansion, always inevitably to be followed by painful deflation, can and should be modified by the substitution of a more stable dynamo.

It comes as news to most people to learn that practically all important ethical teachers,—Moses, Aristotle, Jesus, Mohammed, and Saint Thomas Aquinas, for instance,—have denounced lending at interest as usury and as morally wrong. Modern capitalism may be said to have

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WILLIAM ERNEST HENLEY
An Essay by HORACE GREGORY

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arisen with the Protestant Reformation and the triumph of the money lenders over the prohibitions of interest by the Roman Catholic canonists. The canonists, be it noted, did not forbid private ownership of property or the receipt of land rent and business profits. What they forbade was interest, or unconditional contracts to pay a money rental, regardless of the use made of the loaned funds or of the subsequent capacity of the debtor to pay.

Wars, the current consumption of governmental administration, and the current consumption of individuals who desire homes and luxuries which they cannot pay for out of income, are responsible for a large percentage of all outstanding interest bearing debt. Interest on consumptive loans must be paid for out of the standard of living of the debtor. If, along with the growth of public and personal debt, it so happens that public and private incomes are increased by such extraneous factors as the opening up of new continents or the acquisition of new foreign markets, then the burden of debt incurred for past consumption may not be felt by the interest payers. But it is not the debt that causes the increase in income; and factors like population growth or territorial settlement cannot be expected forever to operate as they did in the nineteenth century to lighten debt burdens. Thus, for the debts of the late war neither opened new foreign markets for our European debtors nor settled new land anywhere in the world.

THE ROAD BACK—By Wilfrid Jones
Courtesy of Survey Associates

Goods consumed do not normally create a piece of physical property to pay the interest charges. And, as for money loaned to create capital, like railways, factories, apartment houses, or office buildings, it may happen, as the canonists saw, that the income from such properties may be negative. No one can tell at the time a loan is made whether the asset created will in the future produce its interest and amortization charges. This being true, it is, as the canonists argued, immoral to set up a legal obligation which the obligor may be unable to discharge. Debts are such obligations.

The interesting fact about the usury doctrines of older teachers, ignored by modern scholars living on the fruits of usury and writing about debt, is that the unworkability of an interest-debt economy is now being proved by events. It may take several Hitlers to hammer home to many academic minds the significance of these events. Money debts create the market problem on which modern capitalism is now foundering. Under feudalism, the serf had obligations to the lord of the manor, and the nobles had obligations to the prince. But the dues of feudal days were always payable in goods and services. The obligor did not have first to sell his goods or services in a competitive free market in order to obtain the money with which to discharge his debt and keep his home and job. Unlike modern capitalism, feudalism had the elements of durability and may yet return, if a better order of collectivism is not evolved.

Society under feudalism could be divided into two classes: those who received more than they rendered and those who rendered more than they received. Society under modern capitalism can, likewise, be divided into the interest payers and the interest receivers. Feudalism could work for 500 years and more because those on the receiving end had promptly to consume or to invest their full income in new castles, palaces, churches, or public works. Modern capitalism tends to break down because those on the receiving end neither consume nor create permanent property fast enough but seek to compound through consumptive loans a part of their total income. Debts are created for consumption which cannot furnish the future interest payments. One cent compounded at 6% semi-annually since the year one would now be worth a sum of money equal to several times the weight of the globe in fine gold. Obligations to render services or deliver goods and rights to receive such dues make sense. Money obligations and money rights make nonsense and world depressions when multiplied by compound interest.

Evans Clark in his introductory chapter on the Nation's Total Internal Debts makes an artful but unsuccessful attempt to dispose of the debt difficulty by saying that "There is no debtor class any more than there is a creditor class in the United States. Most of us are both at the same time." Such a statement is nonsense. One is a creditor or a debtor according to one's net position on balance. A man who receives more in interest on invested capital than he pays in interest on his private debts plus what he pays through taxes on the interest of the public debt is obviously a creditor. And a man who pays in interest more than he receives in interest is a debtor. It is absurd to say that a farmer who pays $1,000 a year in interest and receives $50 a year in interest on an insurance policy is as much a creditor as he is a debtor.

The fundamental difference between modern capitalism and medieval feudalism is that under the prevailing order, the debtors are called on to do the impossible. The American farmer and the European government in debt to the United States government have been asked to make money payments in dollars which were not obtainable from the sale of currently produced goods and services. The transfer problem is the same for the American farmer as for the British Government. Debts must be paid in money which is not obtainable in adequate amount at present commodity prices. And present prices are an inevitable result of a prolonged period of debt reduction. And a prolonged period of debt reduction must inevitably follow a prolonged period of debt increase. And a prolonged period of debt increase is the only way under a debt economy to enjoy prosperity. All roads to recovery now indicate the need for making additional loans or credit expansion.

The significance of our abandonment of the gold standard is that debt cancellation, *en masse*, is periodically inevitable under a debt system and that Mr. Roosevelt prefers a repudiation of our government's gold clause obligation to the foreclosure of millions of farms and homes and the breaking of most of our banks. The White House tells us that it is absurd to maintain gold redemption when our gold debt is twenty times as much as our gold stock. But the White House should have pushed its logic further. Our long and short term debt combined, according to the figures of the Twentieth Century Fund, aggregates some $237 billion. (There is, of course, much duplication in this total.) Our total currency issued or available for issue is less than $15 billions under present currency laws. Therefore, there are not enough paper dollars to pay debts. Therefore, the White House might have said, let us abolish debts as well as the gold clause obligation.

The inflationists propose to meet any difficulty of insufficient money by fiat creations of currency or deposits. But they forget that loan contracts are pointless if the purchasing power of the currency is not maintained. The champions of a managed currency believe that they can stabilize the purchasing power of the dollar better than the gold standard. Possibly they might do as well with planned money as with the observance of a fixed ratio between a rare metal like gold and the outstanding volume of money, provided the currency managers could prevent the increase of debt. But how can an increase in the amount of debt be prevented if the money lenders as a whole do not want either to spend or invest all of their interest income outside of the field of loans?

Mr. Clark's symposium on the "Internal Debts of the United States" evades the fundamentals of the debt problem. The general recommendations state that there are two approaches to the debt problem. The first assumes our economy as given and seeks to solve the debt problem by adjustments on the side of debts. This means bigger and better mortgage foreclosures, bankruptcies, bank closures, and reorganization to bring debts down to present prices. The second approach accepts the debts as given and seeks to adjust the economy to their existence. This means lifting prices and production to a level corresponding to present debts. The recommendations of the book favor the second method and purpose: (1) measures of immediate relief, of a discriminatory nature, aiming to give assistance only where needed to avert credit losses through bankruptcy or foreclosure (the academic experts are plainly concerned most about the incomes of the interest receivers); (2) inflationary measures to induce recovery by enlarging the underlying base of credit and increasing its use, public expenditures on works to be used generously for the initial stimulation.

The advantages of debt are stated and defended as being those of (1) greater relative safety in a debtor's promise than in an owner's proprietary interest in a piece of property; (the lender is the absentee capitalist who seeks to avoid the risks of enterprise and management, relinquishing certain dubious chances of larger return for greater security. He has the special sympathy of scholars whose stipends are paid largely out of interest.) (2) Lack of such responsibility as attaches to the ownership of land or common stocks or a business requiring personal attention; (irresponsible and absentee ownership is dear to the money-lender.) (3) Greater liquidity or ease of conversion into cash than is found in other types of property. (Greater liquidity suits the speculative interests of Wall Street finance.)

The only serious disadvantage of debt perceived by the authors of this book are those that grow out of price instability. They assume that if the dollar does not fluctuate greatly in value, loans will be sufficiently productive and debtors sufficiently capable of bearing their interest burdens. The old argument that "debts are savings put to use" is advanced without the qualifying explanation that the use to which savings are put in the case of a large number of loans is war, consumptive expenditures, or unsuccessful business ventures. The fundamental problems of interest, therefore, are persistently ignored.

Taking the position that most of what is wrong with debt is price instability, the author of the general recommendations outlines as steps towards economic stability a series of measures for the control of money and for the creation of new capital. It is not recognized that stable, in practise, means static, and that static means the negation of progress or change. The basic problem of any stabilizing control of credit is that of allowing some people to lend and borrow while others are prevented from so doing. Control of credit must prevent expansion which is not in proper proportion with increasing production. Overrapid expansion, of course, always takes place in boom periods. Let us suppose that in 1929 a credit controller had decided that instead of the $10 billion of new securities which were marketed in that fateful year, $6 billion the right quantity. How could he have justified the fairness or wisdom of his decisions in, (1) decreeing that the manipulator of one plot of land instead of the manipulators of two other plots of land should be allowed to obtain from willing lenders money with which to build?, (2) assigning money to one industry instead of another for expansion?, (3) allotting investment capital to one region or city instead of another? Control by government instead of the play of a comparatively free market seems to me unthinkable where uses of money have to be selected for private profit instead of public welfare.

A debtless economy seems far more feasible than a system of government planning for six per cent and safety. It is an easy matter for the state to refuse to enforce any unconditional contracts to make future payments in money. Capitalists can easily be made to assume all the risks of investment. States and individuals can be made to pay as they go and live within their incomes. The essence of the debt problem is the undertaking by the state to enforce impossible contracts. The state eventually renounces its undertaking through the processes of bankruptcy, repudiation of debts, or devaluation of the currency. The trouble is that final disposition of an impossible debt burden can never be reached under a debt enforcing system until the economic life of the people has been upset for a long period. Ethical teachers grasped this problem over 2,000 years ago. The scholarly pensioners of usury, however, still refuse to take cognizance of the real debt problem.

Lawrence Dennis, the author of "Is Capitalism Doomed?" and formerly of J. & W. Seligman & Co., spoke recently before a Senate Committee on "Spending Our Way Out of Depression."

Till Music Cries Again

By JOHN HOLMES

MY ghost, who runs behind me in the sun,
And lies awake beside me in the night,
Of all the quick or dead the only one
Who on my least and darkest thought throws light—
My ghost, who is my memory, who knows
The good and evil I have not yet done,
Who hurries me and harries me with blows
And fierce derision in the race I run—
My ghost, who hears me always, heard me say,
"The straightness of my early pride is bent,
But though my promises are fallen away,
With music I remember what I meant.
And hearing the sound of music I can rise,
And sharp against the shining heavens lean,
A single tree, and feel with no surprise
My roots go deep, my boughs grow ever green."
"But after music," said my urgent ghost,
"When all the shaken strings are still, what then?"
"Then you," I said, "will mock me with my boast
Relentlessly, till music cries again."

A suit has been brought by the towns of Dinant and Aerschot against the publishers of Baedeker's guidebooks. Plaintiffs demand the omission of passages saying the Germans burned down both cities because "they harbored civilian snipers."

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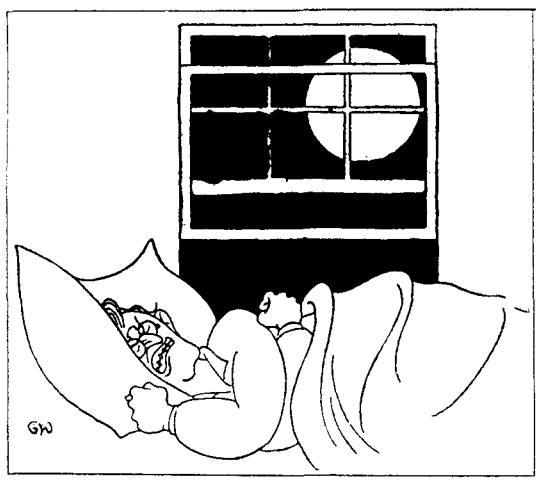
A Love Story

MANDARIN IN MANHATTAN: Further Translations from the Chinese. By CHRISTOPHER MORLEY. New York: Doubleday, Doran & Co. 1933. $2.

Reviewed by SIMEON STRUNSKY

ONE of the great love stories of our time is that of Christopher Morley for the city of New York. It has all the elements that enter into a grand passion. It has sincerity, simplicity, disinterestedness, duration; and almost best of all, it warms the heart of beholders. Morley's love for New York, and particularly for New York County, must now be twenty years old. It sprang into being apparently the moment he landed here from Oxford in the year before the war. There was a brief Philadelphia interval, but it was a change of skies, not of the heart. The flesh may have been with the Curtis Publishing Company in Independence Square. The spirit was with the streets of Manhattan, its bookshops, its delicatessen stores, its embryo Morningside cathedrals, its Riverside Drive squirrels, its crowds, its overheard phrases and overlooked store signs and blazons, its cops, its children, its litter, its blue skies, its shoe-shine parlors, its opportunities for puns that are sometimes inspired and sometimes just terrible, its tall buildings, its free lunch counters, its newspapers, its Commencement orators, its filling stations, its green oases of graveyard in the heart of the Financial District, its commuter , its food markets, its publishing s, its buses, its Summer students Tennessee and Oklahoma, its pa- , its garment workers both of the Left Wing and the Right Wing, its neighborhood banks, its fortune-telling weighing machines.



LITERARY CRITIC GRINDING HIS TEETH
By Gluyas Williams (From "Mandarin in Manhattan")

For twenty years and in many volumes of fiction, essay, verse, and free rhythms like the present *soi-disant* Chinese musings, Morley has loved the multitude of external ordinary things that make up New York to those of us who also love her. Some of us may find the Mandarin part of the book not much more convincing than the independence of Manchukuo, but who cares as long as that old Mongolian fraud carries a warm, understanding New York heart under his padded robe? People who know their New York in terms of the smartest places where to eat and the latest prominent faces at first nights, people who travel in New York by taking a taxi from West Fifty-second Street to Sutton Place, know a different city from the one we know who travel in New York by Subway and by "L," and walk long distances on her sidewalks. The might and the melancholy of New York is in Morley's greeting to the crowd in the Subway car,

You, and you, and you, seen only once
Good-bye forever and good-luck.

The lines have a deeper feeling than many of the elaborate cards of identity by which Morley's prime favorite, Walt Whitman, tried to make himself one with the crowds of Manhattan. Plainly you love a city and a people if your eyes are always picking up things like this about them, from the Sixth Avenue "L."

At Bleecker Street I pass through the olive
oil region,
And at the curve below Eighth Street
Am startled at the admonition to Jews and
Gentiles
Carved on a church.
Near Fourteenth I find Squirrel Bellies
and Paws,
At Twenty-eighth, Candies and Sugar
Plums,
At Thirty-second, All You Can Eat, 60c,
And at Thirty-ninth, Gainly Hats. . . .

By a man's preoccupation with such simple everyday externals you may tell whether he really loves the city in which he lives and the people in it, or whether it is another one of the mammoth literary symphonies in the French manner that set out to "capture" the soul of a city in a dozen volumes and many thousand pages. We have had our own experiments in cramming 102 stories of New York height and seven million of her people within the dimensions of a politico-economic thesis, "Manhattan Transfer" or "Union Square." We have our own neat tailor-made formulas that give you the soul of New York in twenty-four hours or a dozen people dining at eight. This business of getting at the mass soul usually results in putting souls into things that really have no life, like a lot of Soviet tractors, or in taking the soul out of things that have life, like a stretch of New York City blocks at night in an unfashionable district. Volumes of sophisticated introspection on Park Avenue pent-house terraces will hold far less of New York than Morley has seized in five lines:

Out for my evening stroll
I discovered on Eighty-fourth Street
A power-house, quietly humming to itself,
And though I lived near-by
I had never known it was there.

This is external and yet alive. But if you insist on the inner life of modern man in New York and its urbanized suburban zone, here he is, reduced to the core of his modern being:

I sit here tonight
Fortified in my own particular silence.
Donny, the sheep-dog, lies in the next room,
And sometimes, when he stirs,
The tinkle of his license tag
Seems, for the dreadful tithing of a second,
The preliminary tocsin of a telephone call.

In that bursting schism of the mind
My whole wary garrison leaps furious to defense
And my walls bristle with armored paladins
Ready with reasons why I shouldn't do
Whatever it is
Whoever might want.

The scene is probably a suburban home in near-by Long Island. But the essence of New York is in this telephone which has bound humanity so closely together that people have been forced into looking upon each other as prima facie intruders.

* *

During Mr. Morley's connection with the New York Evening Post, *Simeon Strunsky was editor of that newspaper, and is now an associate editor of the* New York Times. *He is an author and columnist of note, and, like Mr. Morley, a lover of New York, as his "Belshazzar Court" shows.*

Pity the Farmer

THE FARMER IS DOOMED. By LOUIS HACKER. New York: The John Day Co. 1933. 25 cents.

THIS is one of the best of the John Day pamphlets. Mr. Hacker, who is co-author with Professor Kendrick of Columbia University of "The United States since 1865," argues that it is the historic destiny of America, both as a creditor and industrial nation, to follow the path entered upon by England when the corn laws were repealed in 1846. American finance capital, he says, must inevitably reach out to develop China and South America. This will incur interest charges for the South Americans and the Chinese, and the only way to pay us will be in goods and services. Our manufacturers, too, says Mr. Hacker, must export their surplus finished stocks, or see their profits dwindle and their plants lie idle. An export of finished goods will mean more necessity for repayment—which also must be in goods and services. What more logical than to expect the righting of the balance of trade by admitting to this country cheap foodstuffs and raw materials? Finance capital and the manufacturers, Mr. Hacker says, will prove too strong for the Borahs, the Norrises, and the rest of the sons of the wild jackass.

The Green Pastures of Holland

AN INDISCREET ITINERARY. By HENDRIK WILLEM VAN LOON. New York: Harcourt, Brace & Company. 1933. $1.

LETTERS FROM HOLLAND. By KAREL CAPEK. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. 1933. $1.50.

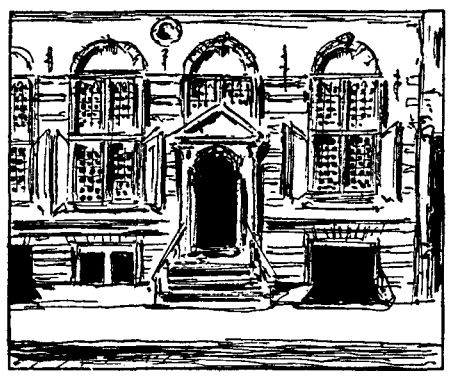
Reviewed by ALFRED VAN DUYM

PERHAPS there is no country in the world today—unless it be the much advertised South Sea Islands—where one would be more likely to forget the turmoil and vexation of the modern world than Holland. Baudelaire alluded to it in his "Invitation au Voyage" three quarters of a century ago and van Loon and Capek follow suit. They do, however, differ in their approach,—Baudelaire in one of his milder moods as a spleen stricken idealist, Capek as an artist and ardent horticulturist, van Loon as a historian and patriot—in the best sense of this today often misinterpreted term.

Let me say from the outset that both books are eminently readable and that of van Loon downright inspiring. Capek has a tendency to wander from his subject, but van Loon sticks to the matter at hand and I have seldom found a small book more packed with information.

There is an almost eternal quality about Holland as there was about Greece, with this difference, that when we visit modern Greece we wander among the ruins of classical Greece, while the Holland of today is still throbbing with the life of its golden century. There are whole parts of Amsterdam, for instance, which are almost wholly identical with the Amsterdam of Rembrandt's day. Some of the most modern architecture of the Holland of today has many of the features of the architecture of yesterday. The home in Holland still means home and that is where the greater part of the Hollander's life is lived.

Then of course there is the eternal struggle with the sea and the preponderance of water over all the other elements. Capek devotes some of the most subtly humorous pages of his book to this. At this point I am very much tempted to quote him, but I am afraid there is no room to do this. However when he says "Holland implies water. Holland implies flower-beds. Holland implies pastures," he gets at the very roots of Holland's existence.



THE HOUSE OF REMBRANDT
By Hendrik van Loon

The most striking feature of modern Holland, both authors agree, is the bicycle. That has been the great mechanical contribution to the happiness of the Dutch. Next to windmills and flower-beds there seems nothing as universal to the Dutch as that contraption which most other nations until just yesterday had put on the scrapheap with the advent of the automobile.

Hendrik Willem van Loon, if not as witty, looks deeper into the character of Hollanders. In his astonishing little book he packs all the information one needs for a successful trip through Holland. It is compact without ever being dry. At the same time there is a warmth of feeling, an understanding which makes it much more than a simple travel guide. Capek's Holland is more Capek than Holland. Van Loon's Holland is van Loon and Holland inextricably bound up. Seldom has this versatile author shown a more profound understanding of his subject.

There is also none of the talking down to his audience which makes some of van Loon's other books slightly irritating to the better informed. It would be vain to compare the two books. Capek paints inimitable word pictures which can only be described as Capek-esque. His characterizations of the outstanding qualities of the Dutch are more witty than true, and the scalpel which he applied so neatly to the

THE TOWER OF HAARLEM—Van Loon

English and the charming little bouquets which he threw so deftly to the Spanish are rather absent from this somewhat hastily written booklet on the Dutch. True, he loves their paintings, he has a keen appreciation of their flowers, but it seems to me that he saw only in part. Of course it may be that I feel unduly nationalistic. Even so, van Loon's is much the better book on Holland.

Needless to say the illustrations contribute immensely to the charm of both books and in this respect Capek may have the edge on van Loon. However, if you intend to visit Holland or gather an impression of this calmly fascinating from your armchair, do not fai both these books. There is only o country within my knowledge w cels them. That is Karl Scheffler's "Holland" and that I think that the better on account of its length.

Lorenzo in Chaos

LAWRENCE AND BRETT. A FRIENDSHIP. By DOROTHY BRETT. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Company. 1933. $3.

Reviewed by ERNEST BOYD

IT is not with any desire merely to make a feeble pun that I have chosen this title for a review of a book about D. H. Lawrence. From the spate of biographical and critical studies which have been issued since his death, the one fact which seems to emerge is the chaotic nature of Lawrence's existence and of his relations with women, especially with the three, Dorothy Brett, Mabel Dodge Luhan, whose "Lorenzo in Taos" started the ball rolling, and Catherine Carswell, author of "The Savage Pilgrimage," who have been vieing with one another in proving that each alone understood the Master. One man, it is true, Mr. Middleton Murry, has attempted to say his word in this Thesmophoriazusæ and has been roundly abused for his pains. His "Son of Woman" was the first in the field, and so excited the ire of Mrs. Carswell that Mr. Murry had to compel the English publishers of "The Savage Pilgrimage" to withdraw the book in order to delete passages which he considered libellous. Meanwhile, in England Mr. Murry has returned to the subject of Mrs. Carswell and her book, in "Reminiscences of D. H. Lawrence," which will presumably be issued over here for the edification of the faithful.

What, one may well ask, is all this pother about? Save for "Son of Woman," none of these books makes any pretense at a rational estimate of Lawrence or a critical estimate of his position as a writer. Why, then, this flow of otiose reminiscence and recrimination? The authors themselves would doubtless answer, in that hyperbolic style to which they are accustomed, that Lawrence was such a Godlike personality, such a heaven-sent

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Lorenzo in Chaos

(*Continued from preceding page*)

genius, so marvellous and unparalleled a figure in English literature, that no detail of his life, however trifling or ignoble, no weakness nor petulance nor affectation, should go unrecorded. I am afraid that it will be impossible for most people with any sense of humor and proportion to accept this view of the matter. D. H. Lawrence was not the transcendent hero and darling of these ladies' daydreams. If he were the greatest modern English novelist, his memory would be ill-served by these three volumes of reminiscences. As it was, his harrassed and morbid existence could ill afford to be exposed to the hysterical championship of such friends as here reveal their petty egomania and vain hallucinations.

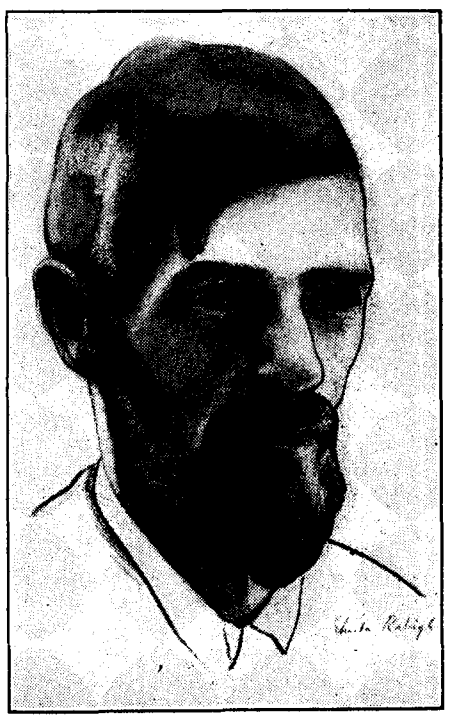
If there was one thing more than another which a man of Lawrence's peculiar temperament needed least, it was the constant society of people as unbalanced and as pathologically self-conscious as himself. On the evidence of his biographers, after his earliest years, he never saw any other kind of people. So far from trying to save him from his friends, everybody seems to have conspired to throw him perpetually out of one frying-pan into another fire. Each of his lady biographers fiercely resented the other, and all united only when confronted by the inescapable legal and physical fact of his wife, who appears to have been, with Tony Luhan, the only sane and normal person in Lorenzo's chaos. If there are to be any further volumes of this kind about Lawrence, let us hope they will be written by Tony Luhan and Frieda Lawrence. "Love amongst the Neurasthenics" might well be an appropriate title.

Out of this ceaseless stream of trivialities, these stories of sulking and bickering, it is hard to determine which incident best illustrates the insensitive humorlessness of the would-be guardians of Lawrence's integrity. Perhaps the choicest example is the story of the dinner party at the Café Royal in London, when Lawrence became very drunk, vomited over the table, and fell into a stupor. The Honorable Dorothy Brett and Mrs. Carswell discuss this disgusting incident with almost religious reverence, while Mrs. Luhan, who was not present, gives it the honor of an inaccurate footnote. Mrs. Carswell even goes so far as to recall the Last Supper in connection with this charming feast, and when Lawrence was frogmarched up the stairs to his flat, she adds that her brother "saw clearly before him St. John and St. Peter (or maybe St. Thomas) bearing between them the limp figure of their master." There is much dispute between the Brett and Carswell ladies as to which of them smoothed Lawrence's moist brow, but both give accurate accounts of the dresses they wore at the party.

While Mrs. Carswell is chiefly concerned with Lawrence in England and her squabbles with Mr. Murry, Mrs. Luhan and Miss Brett concentrate upon the lamentable Taos experiment. The essence of that story, as they tell it, is that Lawrence, trying to get away from everything (ostensibly), surrounded himself with bores of every description on a ranch in New Mexico, and was the centre of a fierce triangular struggle between his wife and the two handmaidens of his genius. One may learn without astonishment that Lawrence was frightened by Mrs. Dodge's unmade bed and her lack of clothing, that they all got on each other's nerves, that sometimes Brett was the only woman in the world, sometimes Mable, but that there was always Frieda. Why any man in his sane senses should elect such a life remains a mystery, which only a psychoanalyst would care to unravel. Mrs. Luhan just says, "I willed him to come." Which, obviously, settles it.

It is not, I believe, a great mystery that certain types of women are inevitably attracted to men who are in the public eye, writers, artists, actors, and so forth. In vulgar parlance, they develop a "crush," at which the wise are wont to smile and shrug their shoulders. With a sense of humor and reality people manage to face these experiences and survive them, otherwise, an endless pother ensues about nothing. These books about Lawrence are the first specimens which I have encountered of the "crush" as a form of literature. Such effusions usually take the simpler form of "mash notes," and are duly consigned to the wastepaper basket, or are used as evidence in the divorce court, by wives who like their husbands to be "famous," but cannot stand the irrelevant byproducts of fame. If Lawrence had been a male movie beauty, and had these narratives of plate-throwing, both literal and metaphorical, been served up as fodder for tabloid newspaper readers, both subject, authors, and audience would have met on their appropriate level.

If the admirers of D. H. Lawrence are satisfied with these tributes to his memory—and apparently they are—far be it from one who takes a far less exalted view of his talents to become indignant. To be frank, such books as Mrs. Luhan's, Mrs. Carswell's, and Miss Brett's fill me with laughter. In his lifetime, as I have said, nobody could save Lawrence from his friends, and since his death nobody can



D. H. LAWRENCE
Drawn for The Saturday Review
by Sheilah Raleigh

save him from his biographers. Mrs. Luhan, however, quotes an unfinished article of Lawrence's which deserves wider notice as a genuine statement of his impression of New Mexico:

> It is all rather like comic opera played with solemn intensity. All the wildness and woolliness and westernity and motor-cars and art and sage and savage are so mixed up, so incongruous, that it is a farce, and everybody knows it. But they refuse to play it as farce.
>
> These volumes are farce, but the authors have refused to write them as farce. *Risum teneatis?*

Perfumed Pages

(*Continued from first page*)

> were served on four aloes-wood trays, laid out on a high sandal-wood stand. The mats were dyed to different tints of wistaria color and embroidered with a pattern of wistaria-blossom. The dishes were silver, the cups of crystal, the bowls of lapis-lazuli;

when we see the Court in a ferment over the "Second Princess's Putting on of the Skirt"; when the Imperial Literary Banquet, the composition of elegant poetry, and the playing of the zither become cardinal elements in politics, we find ourselves in a Never-Never Land which enables us to forget Fascism, the monthly bills, and controlled inflation. We enjoy Murasaki, to a great extent, for the same reason that scullery maids and shopgirls enjoy reading about movie stars and duchesses. A common psychological link binds Lady Murasaki to Ethel M. Dell and Elinor Glyn.

This, however, is purely accidental. Fifty years from now we may have contrived to solidify and organize our society to such a degree that we shall again crave the Gothic touch in literature. Even then, one feels, "The Tale of Genji" will survive to hold the interest and affections of our fascized or technocratized descendants, for Lady Murasaki's touch—irrespective of the form and underlying philosophy of her work—is both intensely human and intensely wise.

She wrote, one feels, for a Cant clique, a microscopic cluster of artificialized humans in a remote and unfamiliar land hundreds of years ago. Yet her brush was too sure, her intuitions were too well-founded, for her work to pass the way of the "literary"; she is a great humanist in spite of her cleverness and of her humorous poetical allusions.

This present volume is a gem of literary portrayal of human character. In outline it corresponds to the Western "triangle"—except that in the society of which she writes neither chastity nor physical fidelity were of great importance. The heroine, Ukifune, is the illegitimate daughter of old Prince Hachi. Her mother has established her in the house of Kuzeri, wife of Prince Niou, one of the Emperor's sons and a direct descendent of Genji, the legendary Great Lover. Prince Niou takes after his amorous grandsire, so Ukifune is removed from temptation. Kaoru, the putative but not the actual son of Genji, is a high Court official, married to the Emperor's second daughter. Kaoru has been tragically in love with Kuzeri's dead sister, and when Kuzeri hinted that Ukifune resembled his dead love, Kaoru promptly made the girl his mistress.

Niou also fell in love with Ukifune and carried on a clandestine intrigue with her in the "love-nest" which the sentimental Kaoru had established outside the capital at Uji. Kaoru discovers the intrigue and becomes intensely jealous. Between her two lovers, Ukifune is driven to despair. She attempts suicide but is rescued and becomes a nun. The tale ends with Kaoru's discovery that Ukifune, who has been mourned as dead and whose apparent death has contrived to clear the domestic atmosphere of both Kaoru's and Niou's households, is still alive. Kaoru makes half-hearted efforts to reëstablish contact with Ukifune, but he is frustrated by his own jealousy and the poor girl's hysterical revulsion against all sentimentality and love affairs.

The triangle which Murasaki reveals is a subtle contrast between the literary, sentimental type of lover and the Lothario type. Kaoru loves Ukifune primarily because he was in love with the dead Agemaki and because Ukifune resembles the lady of his frustrated dreams. Niou loves Ukifune as an innocent and intense amorist. To him it is enough that she is desirable and a woman. Ukifune gives Kaoru her respect and affection, but she gives Niou her passion, according to the ancient alchemy of love by which one can give only what one receives. So it is that Kaoru is shocked to learn of her intrigue with the amorous Prince:

> He had always thought her a singularly gentle and affectionate character, inclined perhaps to lean on him almost too much. And all the while these unpleasant cravings were going on. It was disgusting. She was obviously the sort of woman who could not exist without a love for a single day.

Muraski was evidently attempting to portray the introspection and indecision of one who was *not* descended from Genji with the straightforward ardor of one who *was*—but she has succeeded, almost despite herself, in creating characters and a situation which are universally true.

"The Bridge of Dreams" thus, rather remarkably, combines the qualities of a book for the times and a book for all time. To the many who seek release from the toils and troubles of an unreasonably disordered world, it offers escape on the gossamer-wings of a darting, dragon-fly type of art into a world where matters of ritual, ceremonial, artistic refinement and affairs of the heart are all-important. And to those who delight in the skilful portrayal of human character and of human moods and emotions, it offers the incomparable pen of a clever and discriminating student of humanity. "The Tale of Genji" is thus doubly a classic and entitles its author to the much-abused title of genius.

* *

John Carter, who has found time despite his duties in connection with the State Department for writing several books, was at one time assistant editor of the "New York Times Book Review."

Books in the News

ANDRÉ MAUROIS, whose light and lucid mind can be found playing over everything in the universe if you watch it long enough, has come to this country to study the "brain trust." He plans to converse with Messrs. Tugwell and Moley in Washington, D. C., and he has read with interest Walter Lippmann's most recent speech about the feasibility of a planned national economy. Lest M. Maurois go into the matter "cold," *The Saturday Review of Literature* offers him a bibliography of the planners' literature.

First, there is John Dewey's "Individualism New and Old" (Minton, Balch), which M. Maurois has probably read. This was one of the first of the straws in the wind blowing towards national economic planning. But if M. Maurois really wishes to get up a proper background, let him go way back to W. J. Ghent's "The Next Step: A Benevolent Feudalism," published *circa* 1903 by the Macmillan Co. Macmillan, since that first essay on the implications of national planning, has rather hogged the market for books on the subject. They have published George Soule's "A Planned Society" and Stuart Chases's "A New Deal." M. Maurois will find fit meat in both these books. If he reads Rexford Tugwell's recent "The Industrial Discipline and the Governmental Arts" (Columbia Univ. Press), he will merely be getting from a "brain truster" what others who aren't brain trusters have written a year or so back. Before he goes home, M. Maurois ought to journey up to New Milford, Conn., to converse with Charles A. Beard, who has written extensively on planning for the American industrial machine. And while he is in Washington, he might drop in on Jay Franklin, whose real name is John Carter, and who has his own ideas on the subject.

Other "brain trust" literature to be absorbed includes "The Modern Corporation and Private Property" (Adolf Berle and Gardiner Means). Macmillan publishes this book, too. Perhaps the best thing M. Maurois can do is to get his name upon the Macmillan free list. To achieve this, he probably would have to write a book himself for Macmillan, but if the book is on the "brain trust" Mr. James Putnam would most certainly be willing to read the manuscript with a view to publication.

Conditioning the Future

(*Continued from first page*)

icence in the endurance that makes war possible.) But you can show him its incidence on the civilian population, its aftermath of economic disaster and political embroilment, its futility as opposed to the dramatic quality of pacific achievement. But this is a big task. It needs the best talents of the best writers, the backing of peace organizations, the production of work that will convince the commercial producer of its business possibilities. Noel Coward pointed the way to successful propaganda in his "Cavalcade." There ought to be a thousand ways of advocating peace which would be, like his, at once entertainment and effective education.

The Saturday Review
of LITERATURE

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A Victorian Gentleman

LETTERS OF ROBERT BROWNING. Collected by THOMAS J. WISE. Edited, with an Introduction and Notes by THURMAN L. HOOD. New Haven: Yale University Press. 1933. $5.

Reviewed by WILLIAM LYON PHELPS

THIS is of course an addition to literary history and specifically to our knowledge of Browning. I cannot expect or believe that many will find it so interesting as I do, because Browning is my favorite poet, and everything about him and his work is to me of importance. For unless one is a student of Browning, these letters are bound to be rather disappointing. Here he preserves the same stubborn reserve that invariably characterized his appearance in society. No man ever talked more volubly on a greater variety of subjects, and no man ever said less about himself. Those who met him at dinner parties, which means everyone in London society, met a gay, vigorous, demonstrative old man, who poured out a flood of small talk, and gave no indication of ever having felt any deep emotion; whereas on that very day he may have been in a storm and whirlwind of creative passion. It is only in such passages as the last stanza of "Saul" that Browning revealed his expense of energy.

This is a handsome volume of nearly 400 pages, embellished by many portraits, and giving letters dating from 1830 to 1889; any Victorian English gentleman could have written them. In fact, they are chiefly valuable because they display the typical virtues, accomplishments, and reticences of nineteenth century fashionable society. The most interesting letters—to those who like to read gossip—deal with Browning's proposal of marriage to Lady Ashburton, and the subsequent anger of both parties. I must say, that while it is reassuring to find that he never loved any woman but Elizabeth, I have some sympathy with Lady Ashburton, and can easily understand her resentment. It is clear that Browning proposed marriage because he wanted money to support his son properly. He was not exactly penurious, but he had a fanatical horror of debt. He was all his life accustomed to economy and showed positive genius in household management. I do not believe any gentleman in the nineteenth century lived so well on so meagre an expenditure. I have examined all his household accounts at Casa Guidi, where the most trivial expenditures are entered in his own hand. They are amazing. It should be remembered that Browning during his whole live never earned enough to support himself. His father paid all his bills until he was in middle age, his wife had a little annual income, and Mr. Kenyon left them a considerable fortune. In later years Browning could have made money enough by writing for the magazines, but this he refused to do, for the rather singular reason that he did not want anyone to read his poetry, unless that person had deliberately chosen to do so. A marriage with Lady Ashburton meant complete relief from financial worry for him and his son.

The editor of this collection should have stated distinctly which letters are here published for the first time; this is a matter of importance to every scholarly reader, and one has a right to know. Thomas J. Wise, the most accomplished bibliographer now living, to whom all those who are interested in modern literature owe an immense debt, both because of Mr. Wise's learning and because of his unvarying kindness and generosity, has printed innumerable volumes and pamphlets of Browning's letters, merely for private distribution. These are now included here. Mr. Wise had many others in manuscript which Dean Hood has also included.

One of the most exciting letters Browning ever wrote is not here, because I suppose no one knows where it is. When Browning in 1889 made that appalling blunder of sending his "spitting" poem on Fitzgerald to the *Athenæum*, he wrote a long letter to Annie Thackeray (Lady Ritchie) explaining why he had made such an outburst. She let me read that letter and naturally said it must never be printed or quoted. Browning was as impulsive and violent as Theodore Roosevelt, whom in temperament he resembled; he wished he had not written that Fitzgerald poem, and I have no doubt it spoiled his sleep for many weeks. There is an interesting letter about it here, written to his son, who evidently wished his father had kept silent.

There was an important letter by Browning on the poem "Pauline," published in *Modern Language Notes* for May 1932, which should have been included in this volume. What is said about "Pauline" in Dean Hood's Introduction requires some modification. Browning did *not* make a "revision of it" when he included it in his Works in 1868; he corrected a few typographical errors; he said "No syllable is changed" which is not quite accurate; but there was certainly no revision. That came twenty years later. And to say "the hero is caddish beyond all nature" is not a good description; and the note by Mill is not exactly "penciled scorn."

Browning's pleasure at the long-delayed recognition of his genius is natural and pleasant to contemplate; also it is interesting to see his gratification at the performances of "A Blot" by Lawrence Barrett, though we knew all this before. An amusing thing is his momentary embarrassment at finding himself at a dinner party placed next to Gladstone, whose policies (after 1886) he hated; and then discovering that Gladstone, as finished and consummate a man of the world as himself, was altogether delightful company.

As for Browning's poems, perhaps the most interesting allusions in the letters are those to the composition of "The Ring and the Book," though we do not yet know when he found the Old Yellow Book.

The chief value of this publication is that it now provides for everyone, material that had hitherto been almost inaccessible.

Arnold Bennett's Self

THE JOURNAL OF ARNOLD BENNETT. Vol. III. 1921-1928. New York: The Viking Press. 1933. $3.

THE JOURNAL OF ARNOLD BENNETT. 1896-1928. Three vols. in one. Literary Guild Selection. The same. $5.

Reviewed by AMY LOVEMAN

THE prodigious energy of the man! That again stands out in this, the final volume of Arnold Bennett's journals, as it did in the earlier ones.

> This year [runs the entry for December 31, 1928] I have written 304,000 words; 1 play, 2 films, 1 small book on religion, and about 80 or 81 articles. Also I lost a full month in rehearsals, and a full month, no, six weeks on holidays.

And earlier, in August, 1925, he says,

> I have been here 35 full days, and I estimate I have written over 35,000 words despite chronic and acute neuralgia.

Bennett could not, as he himself deplores, equal the record of Scott or Trollope, but he kept up a pace of production that must have been the envy of many and the despair of more of his fellow writers. And he kept it up through years passed not in retirement or isolation but in the hurly-burly of London society, and through the involvements of a marriage which ended in separation and the excitements of a love affair which never was legally regularized. Moreover, ill health frequently beset him, and travel again and again broke into the routine of his work.

On the whole, this last volume is the most interesting portion of Bennett's journals. It reflects the author when success had capped all his endeavors, when society, both literary and fashionable, was paying him court, and when his union with Dorothy Cheston had brought him domestic felicity. A good deal of a cockney, and a little of a parvenu, Bennett quite frankly rejoiced in what money could give him in the way of comforts and

ARNOLD BENNETT—From "Twenty-four Portraits," by William Rothenstein (Harcourt)

even display. He loved a good meal, a luxurious house, well-dressed women, and substantial men. He enjoyed dancing, he revelled in conversation, he found delight in success. And he held securely the affection of his fellows. He dared the censure of society, to be sure, by his irregular relationship with Miss Cheston, but he succeeded in winning recognition of the union as matrimony from his friends. It was the nursemaids alone who persisted in regarding the connection as moral turpitude, and had not the courage to take care of his child lest they lose caste with their acquaintance for so doing.

Since he met everybody, Bennett's journal overflows with references to the celebrated and the prominent. Through its pages passes a long procession of figures,—Sinclair Lewis, entertaining at dinner, and talking, talking, talking, "breaking into a discussion with long pieces of imaginary conversation between imaginary or real people of the place and period under discussion . . . usually full of oaths and blasphemy"; W. J. Locke, with his stories of how the Hearst magazines directed recasting of his serials to meet the wishes of their public; Noel Coward, "a serious young man, with a sense of humor," who would drink nothing but water, and left a dinner early because he had an early rehearsal on the next day ("Imagine it!" says Bennett); Shaw, at a party, "talking practically the whole time, which is the same thing as saying that he talked a damned sight too much"; H. G. Wells, driving his car but nervous about it, and unable to forbear from talking about his tactics; Sherwood Anderson, "outrageously untidy," in a "blue suit and darker blue silk necktie in the arty style of the nineties," but "with sound sense on lots of things"; Aldous Huxley, André Maurois, Lion Feuchtwanger, and a host of others. Bennett sets down his impressions, bits of conversation, occasional spicy stories, all of them interlarded with his own reflections, and as running accompaniment to all his items comment upon the progress of his own work.

Here, as in the earlier volumes, perhaps the most interesting aspect of the journal from the point of view of the reader concerned with literature, is the light it casts upon the creative artist at work. A jotting appears which is the germ of such a book as "Lord Raingo." The novelist's mind begins to play with his theme, and before long it has taken on body and shape. An anecdote quoted by a companion here, an illuminating remark there, and the writer has culled from them fresh material for enriching his work. Or inspiration is slow in coming, and Bennett goes to the British Museum, or rambles about on a solitary walk, to think and plan, and the incidents he needs gradually evolve, or a character takes form in his mind. It is fascinating thus to see the genesis and development of a novel. But altogether this is a fascinating book to read.

The Complete Amorists

THE ROMANTIC EXILES. By EDWARD HALLETT CARR. New York: Stokes. 1933. $2.75.

Reviewed by ARTHUR RUHL

MR. CARR'S gallery of curious portraits takes us no further afield than the middle decades of the last century; indeed, one of his principal figures, Natalie Ogarev, or Natalie Herzen, as she was also known, for it is characteristic that the world could scarcely distinguish between wife and mistress, lived down to 1913. And yet the milieu is almost as strange and remote, for the stay-at-home American reader, at least, as if it were on some other planet.

All these Russians—Herzen, Bakunin, Ogarev, and the rest—were at once revolutionists and romantics, a mixture unfamiliar enough in these days to call for a word of explanation. That worship of human nature and belief in the liberation of the individual from the chains of political and social absolutism which began, roughly speaking, with Rousseau, and was expressed in such various forms as the novels of George Sand, the poems of Byron and Shelley, and the revolutions of '48, the Romantic Movement, in short, did not reach Russia until, in Western Europe, it had already passed its peak. When Alexander Herzen and his associates were exiled, they became, looked at from the western European point of view, men born too late or too soon, at any rate men with divided souls in the environment in which they found themselves—a hybrid which might be designated by some juxtaposition of terms as Byronic Bolshevik.

Socially speaking, they were, of course, altogether different from the present-day popular western picture of "bolshevik." Herzen was of noble birth, although an illegitimate son, and he inherited and succeeded in transferring abroad into sound foreign securities, what was then regarded as a princely estate. Bakunin had served in the Guards in his early days. Ogarev, who assisted Herzen in editing and publishing the famous revolutionary journal, "The Bell," was the son of a rich landed proprietor in the government of Panza.

Their common aim was the overthrow of the Russian autocracy. Contrasted with the leonine, flamboyant Bakunin, who advocated violence, atheism, and anarchistic communism, Herzen held to political methods and an idealized "democracy."

It is not, however, their political philosophies on which Mr. Carr focuses his interest, but on the jangling and bewildering intimacies of their personal life. His aim is to recreate, somewhat after the manner of Strachey, these once formidable and now almost forgotten political figures, in their roles as human beings. It is here that the contemporary, and in particular the American reader, accustomed as the latter is to a society in which "irregular" sexual relationships are the exception rather than the rule, finds himself in a strange world, indeed.

For in their case, you begin with the postulate of the romantics that love itself is holy and brings one closer to God. Then you add to this, a peculiarly Russian mixture of disorderly generosity, of emotional indulgence combined with a more or less morbid self-analysis and accusatory introspection, and the results are—well, you must read the book.

Mr. Carr, himself a member of the British Foreign Service, has served in eastern Europe, and is scholarly and tireless in his pursuit of curious knowledge.

The Saturday Review Recommends

This Group of Current Books:

THE MARTYR. By LIAM O'FLAHERTY. *Macmillan.*
A novel of the Irish Civil War.

FIFTY POETS. Edited by WILLIAM ROSE BENÉT. *Duffield-Green.*
An auto-anthology of contemporary American poets.

NO TIME LIKE THE PRESENT. By STORM JAMESON. *Knopf.*
An autobiography which is excellent anti-war propaganda.

This Less Recent Book:

THE GOOD COMPANIONS. By J. B. PRIESTLEY. *Harpers.*
The tale of a travelling theatrical company, in the Dickens manner.

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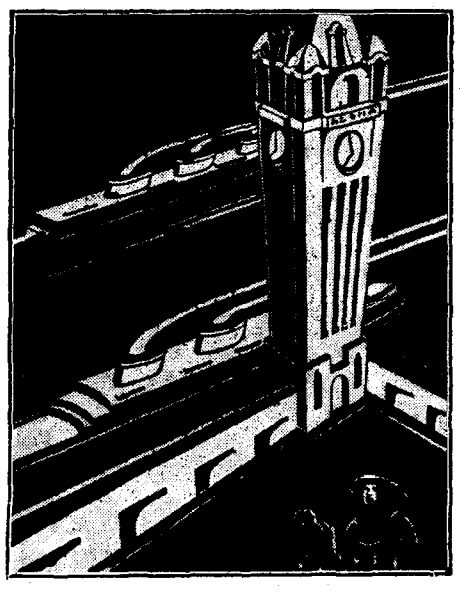
The Bowling Green

Notes With a Yellow Pen

IX. OKOLEHAO

I READ in the newspapers that one of the most hopeful features of the Economic Conference in London is that the bar will be open from 10 A. M. until 10 P. M.—and that the favored beverages of each nationality will be available. I wish I could think there'd be some *okolehao* there, that noble Hawaiian elixir with its tubery taste. I remember years ago noticing that it was the bar, just behind the meeting hall, that made the Assemblies of the League of Nations in Geneva endurable to the burdened men of state. Drink is not to be disdained as an instrument of international agreement. Wasn't it Professor Billy Phelps of Yale



ALOHA TOWER, HONOLULU

who remarked that many of our woes might be well composed if the envoys could meet in the beer-gardens of Munich? The general improvement of American morale since a tolerably potable beer came back is one of the big phenomena of our time.

Perhaps the apparent amity in which the strangely varied races of Hawaii live together is partly due to *okolehao*? The word itself means iron bottom (*okole*-bottom or rump; *hao* = iron-like or hard) —hence an iron pot used as a still, and then the liquor itself. It is properly distilled from the ti-root, but also from pineapple, rice, potatoes, sugar cane or whatever vegetable dynamics are handy. It has, at first, an odd rooty or fungus flavor, a whiff of moist and fertile earth; this soon becomes palatable. The genuine ti-root *oke* (as it is usually called) when justly matured has a warmth and directness that is incomparable; joined with ginger ale it makes the best highball I have ever experienced. I was told by experts that *oke* in excess is famous for producing what the Islands call a "walking pass-out;" the patient goes about his affairs in happy cheer and apparent autonomy, but its anesthesia is such that there is no memory at all on the morrow. Nor (again I quote the experts) is there any megrim, vertigo nor overhang; only a pleasant blankness as of a fragrant sponge passed over the slate of thought. I gathered an impression that the island of Kauai, more remote from the sophistications of Honolulu, especially prides itself on its *oke;* the island of Maui more particularly jubilates on its distillate of corn, a spiritus frumenti which has put the most upright souls parallel with the horizon. In a group of Island sociables a mannerly toast is "*Maluna, malalo, mawaena, kakou!*" accompanied by gestures with the goblet. *Maluna* means *upward:* you raise the glass. *Malalo = downward. Mawaena = in the middle:* you bring the glasses together. *Kakou* means *we,* or *ourselves.* There is also a most delicious liquor called *scorpion,* distilled from *oke* with I think a sweetening infusion of pineapple. —The subtle underground or potato-skin taste of *oke* made me think of a forgotten character mentioned in the introduction to Allen and Greenough's *Cicero,* viz. the orator's friend L. Aelius Tubero—whom Cicero would have been justified in hailing (in Al Smith's famous phrase) as Old Potato.

It is not mannerly to overemphasize the importance of *okolehao* (pronunciation, by the way, is *o-koley-how*) in Island life; it is certainly far beyond any constitutional percentage, and officially it does not exist. One does not mention it in converse with the friendly and hospitable F. M. F's (First Missionary Families). And the Islands, quite naturally, prefer to keep their singular blessings to themselves. But as medicine for the four horsemen that ride mankind (Pain, Fatigue, Boredom, Foreboding) it is one of the Pacific's great gifts. The conscientious reporter must mention it in its due place together with the brawl of the mynah bird, the flower *leis* and the rainbows in Manoa Valley.

❧ ❧

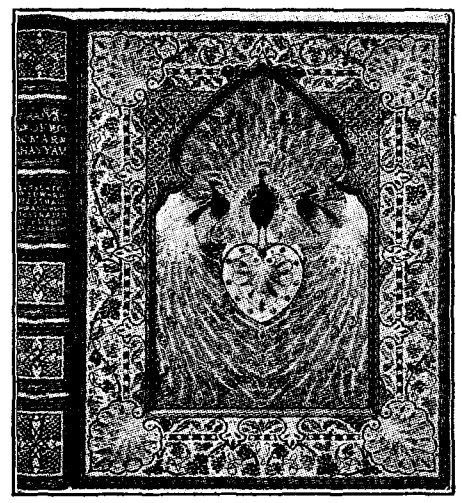
I hope I am too wise to attempt, on the basis of fifteen days' visit, any deliberate description of my glimpse of the Islands. A few chance colors from their vivid palette may with luck be clumsily daubed on this paper, and I have tried elsewhere to say an inadequate grace to the gay and cosmopolitan little university whose guest I was. Hawaii is a land of moods, and even in writing or thinking about it one prefers to follow caprice. The queer heart-twisting quality of its charm first comes to one when the ship pushes off from San Francisco or San Pedro, the mass of paper streamers rustles and breaks along her side, and the little Hawaiian orchestra plays *The Song of the Islands* and *Aloha Oe.* It's worse still, of course, when they play those tunes as the ship leaves from Honolulu. Well did Berton Braley appeal—

> Have a little human pity
> As I leave this magic city—
> Don't play *Aloha Oe* as I go!

And *The Song of the Islands,* which so piercingly makes their kindness audible, isn't even native music: I believe it was written by a German maestro imported years ago by one of the old kings to train his band. But that evening of March 4th, as Felix waved goodbye on the dock and the *Malolo* pulled out, was a time apt for twinges of all sorts. One was a long way from home, the banks were closed, the whole world seemed poised on doubtfulness. And then, as I was feeling pretty blue, along came Kimo (which is Hawaiian for Jim) who had been told by Harry Snyder to look me up. Kimo is not only an eminent guano-merchant but also a book-collector; best of all, a man of enchanting infectious humor. He was returning to Honolulu after a business trip on the mainland, and allowed me to sit by and watch him unpack the books he had discovered. That, as the grand cartoonist Briggs used to say, was the Beginning of a Beautiful Friendship. I spent the mornings with Shakespeare in the Writing Room, but when the sun crossed the foreyard I joined Kimo in his stateroom. In the long similarity of *Malolo's* deck it could conveniently be identified by a large ventilator that projected just outside his window. For pleasantness of companionship Kimo was perfectly Shakespeare's equal. But I never could persuade him to play deck-tennis, or go swimming with me in the *Malolo's* fine pool where the roll of the ship made a swashing surf go shouldering across the tank. His afternoons were devoted to reading which gently melded with sleep. In fact he had quite a bad nightmare by dropping off with one of his heavy volumes of memoirs on his chest: he dreamed that a huge Kanaka had him down and was crushing him to death. In the evenings we met again, with the mountainous Mac, an old Yale footballer, now a banker in Ohio and on honeymoon to the Islands with his charming bride. Kimo gave us valuable tutoring in Island customs and our first words of the glorious Hawaiian language. From him I learned how to pronounce King Kamehameha (*Ka-máy-a-may-a*) and that I was a *malihini* (a new-comer) and not a *kamaaina* (oldtimer); also a *haole* (pronounced *howly*) which means a white person. But the Hawaiian Dictionary of Andrews and Parker, officially published by the Territory, deserves fuller comment later on. The most useful word of all, in continual use, is *pau* which means *finished, all done, ended,* or *that's plenty.* "I'm pau," you would say, as you left that pleasant gathering about midnight and threaded the *Malolo's* white passages to your own berth. Another delightful member of our little symposium was an agent of the Internal Revenue. Native of Kentucky, the charms of his race had not been extinguished by the duties of his office.—So, innocently chaffing one another and listening to the Surgeon's tales of old adventure in the China Seas, we slid across the blue and breezy Pacific. A gusty South wind gave us a rolling swell. The gulls had quit, but several big goonies, a kind of albatross with long scimitar wings, sloped and swung behind us. It gave us a good Ancient Mariner feeling.—Was that group of stars (shaped rather like a kite) the Southern Cross? I wondered, and hoped so—but I always forgot to ask those who would really know.

❧ ❧

Speaking of ships reminds me to tell June Cleveland, the spirited head of Bullock's Book Department in Los Angeles, to be sure not to miss number 3 of *Piccadilly Notes,* a catalogue issued occasionally by the famous bookshop Henry Sotheran, Ltd., 43 Piccadilly, London. In that issue Mr. J. H. Stonehouse tells of his friendship with Francis Sangorski the great bookbinder; and I remember that Miss Cleveland has a beautiful little green



SANGORSKI'S OMAR

leather cigarette-case, bound in the similitude of a tiny book. It is lettered *Our Mutual Friend* and was done by Sangorski and Sutcliffe. Mr. Stonehouse tells most interestingly of Sangorski's passion to do a binding of Omar Khayyam's *Rubaiyat* which should be the most beautiful book in the world. Finally Sangorski obtained the commission. Mr. Stonehouse describes the craftsman's enthusiasm and the extraordinary zeal he put into the work.

> His big forefinger was always busy when describing the progress of the work. He told me one day that he would have a Skull, with a poppy growing out of it embodied in one of the designs; and a few days later he showed me a full sized Drawing of a human Skull; together with a letter from an eminent Surgeon, pronouncing it to be the *finest* Drawing of its kind he had ever seen. Three days later he brought me in to look at the small model of the Skull, in white calf and ivory, before it was inserted in the front doublure of the book.
>
> On another occasion he asked if I could show him an illustration of a Serpent striking its prey. As I was unable to satisfy him, he rushed off to the Zoo, to make inquiries there. Meeting him the next day, he told me he had found that the public were not allowed to see the snakes fed; however, he added, "I arranged the matter"; and he succeeded in getting one of the attendants to feed a snake, by slipping a rat through a trap-door, into its cage—"The snake sprang at it, *thus,*" Sangorski said, holding up his hand with his great forefinger and thumb extended — "That was just what I wanted to see, the angle of his jaws." A few days later he brought me in the Snake, modelled in different colored morocco, all ready to be fitted into its allotted place in the back doublure.

When the work was finished, Sangorski was so proud of it he could hardly bear to part with it; he kept delaying delivery. Stonehouse saw the top of the binder's head behind a screen at the Holborn Restaurant, and the corner of a large box projecting beyond the edge of the partition. He knew this must be the great Omar, so dropping on hands and knees he managed to slip the book away without Sangorski's noticing it—intending to give him a momentary fright. But one of the barmaids saw the practical joker and cried alarm.—This famous binding was of green morocco, inlaid with designs and set with 1050 jewels. The chief ornament on the front cover was three peacocks; the "eyes" in the tail feathers were represented by 97 topazes, each cut to the exact shape.

Among the many designs were various emblems of Death; the skull, the poppy, the deadly nightshade. The book was sold at auction to Gabriel Wells, and was on its way to this country. It went down in the *Titanic* in April 1912.—And on July 1, 1912, Sangorski himself was drowned when bathing at Selsey Bill (on the English Channel). He was only 37.

❧ ❧

It's not relevant to anything at the moment, but I was interested to note in the Library of the University of Hawaii that the termites or other boring insects (which are a severe problem to Pacific book lovers) had shown a very special enthusiasm for the works of Henry James. I was reminded of this by the following passage in Comstock's *Manual for the Study of Insects:*—

> Book-lice (family *atropidae*). Take down from the shelf a time-yellowed book and open its neglected leaves and watch the pale tiny creatures that scurry across its pages; examine one of them with a lens, look well at its alert, knowing black eyes, and you will believe it is in search of real literature and not merely a feeder upon paper.
>
> CHRISTOPHER MORLEY.

Year of Miracles

THE AMERICAN SCENE. By EDWIN C. HILL. Illustrations in Caricature by SPENCER. New York: Witmark & Sons. 1933. $3.

Reviewed by WILLIAM MACDONALD

MR. HILL thinks it "remarkable that the American people should have entered upon the year of 1932 with any considerable sense of hope and confidence. If 1930 had been Purgatory, 1931 had been Hell. The depression at last had gotten around to everyone." Toward the end of his book he remarks, with truth, that "the terrific lesson of the depression" is that it is "no longer a depression but a social and economic revolution." No one will have read his first two or three chapters without concluding that 1932 was a veritable *annus mirabilis,* packed with events whose gaiety, tragedy, or mere routine Mr. Hill describes in a lively style, with the journalist's sense of what is popularly effective, a withering sarcasm that does not go too far, and an underlying seriousness that leaves one thoughtful after the parti-colored story has been told.

The presidential campaign is, of course, the episode of greatest moment, but that was preceded, flanked, or followed by incidents as varied as the Congressional inquiry into the methods of the New York Stock Exchange, the "stampede of the wild jackasses" and legislative bedlam at Washington, the Lindbergh kidnapping, and the elimination of Jimmy Walker. These are main topics, but Mr. Hill finds time in passing to take shots at scores of lesser personalities or incidents.

The last third of the book, in which Mr. Hill reviews the year's experiences or achievements in art, music, drama, literature, science, and sport, is not so good, the long lists of books, plays, etc., reading too much like annotated entries in a catalogue. Exception should be made, however, of the final chapters in which Mr. Hill summarizes the war debts controversy, the gold question, and the political and economic situation generally at the close of the year. These chapters are as lively as the earlier ones.

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The P.E.N. Club Conference

By HENRY SEIDEL CANBY

THE Annual Congress of the International P.E.N. Clubs, meeting on May 25-28 at Dubrovnik (Ragusa) in Jugoslavia, was a lesson in what may be expected of international gatherings in the troublous year of 1933. The P.E.N. Clubs have fifty-four "centres" in forty nations of Europe, North and South America, with a beginning (unrepresented this time) in Asia. Some 400 official delegates and members were present, a polyglot group drawn from the writing professions of the world, with novelists, journalists, and poets best represented. Jules Romains was there from France, H. G. Wells, as president, from England, Ernst Toller from among the exiled Germans, and an especially strong group of poets, novelists, and journalists from the Danubian countries. The Argentine was ably represented, Holland had a large and, as it proved somewhat agonized delegation; Scotland, which is to have the Conference next year, was led by Edwin Muir; Felix Salten was chairman of the Austrians. "P.E.N." (it may be noted parenthetically) signifies "poets, editors, and novelists."

The United States, that whirlpool into which all translatable books are finally drawn, was represented, I regret to say, only by myself; but thanks to the acumen of our New York Executive Committee, and especially Will Irwin, Robert Nathan, and Alfred Dashiell, I was able to present a Resolution which kept the Conference from being one more disaster on the rocks of Chauvinism.

The sole issue before the Conference, indeed, was the question of Chauvinism vs. internationalism in literature, forced upon the Congress by events and by the delegation from the Berlin P.E.N. Club.

This delegation had been "harmonized" by order of Hitler. Members of the German P.E.N., whose races or opinion did not conform to the Nazi principles, had been ordered dropped. With one exception, Herr Elster, the secretary, no one of the Germans present had ever appeared at a P.E.N. Club Congress, and the really distinguished members of that organization — Heinrich and Thomas Mann, Feuchtwanger, Remarque, Zweig, Hauptmann—were all silenced, or in exile and absent.

The question which immediately confronted the Congress was this—could one of the centres of an organization formed to promote international amity and to uphold the principle that art knows no boundary lines or racial prejudice, expel its members for being Jews or liberals, and allow without protest the burning of all "non-Aryan" books and the exile or disciplining of writers whose art was not propaganda for the state.

In a closely packed opera house, in a tense atmosphere, the debate began. Wells, from long experience with Fabian tactics was an able manager. The French, the Poles, and the Belgians, although they had no plan ready, had come prepared to force an accounting from the Germans. The Austrians, the Dutch, and the Swiss were desirous of keeping the Congress out of politics, which meant letting the Germans escape with generalities. The Germans had been ordered (and were, according to credible report, re-ordered hourly by telephone from Berlin) to accept without protest a general resolution, but allow no discussion which would give the opponents of German handling of German writers in the past few months a chance to get on the record.

The first morning was enlivened by one of those Parliamentary riots with which Americans who have attended a session of the French chamber of deputies may be familiar. The chairman, Mr. Wells, had chosen, from the numerous resolutions submitted, the American motion for submission to the Congress. As adopted unanimously it ran (after a preamble):

> We, the members of the American Center of the P. E. N. Club, call upon all other centers to affirm once more those principles upon which the structure of this society was raised and call particular attention to those resolutions presented by the English, French, German, and Belgian delegates at the Fifth International Congress of P. E. N. Clubs in Brussels in 1927 and passed there unanimously:
>
> 1. Literature, national though it be in origin, knows no frontiers, and should remain common currency between nations in spite of political or international upheavals.
> 2. In all circumstances, and particularly in time of war, works of art, the patrimony of humanity at large, should be left untouched by national or political passion.
> 3. Members of the P. E. N. will at all times use what influence they have in favor of good understanding and mutual respect between the nations.
>
> We likewise call upon the international Congress to take definite steps to prevent the individual centers of the P. E. N., founded for the purpose of fostering goodwill and understanding between races and nations, from being used as weapons of propaganda in the defence of persecutions inflicted in the name of nationalism, racial prejudice, and political ill will.

It will be noted that this resolution is a mandate upon the Executive Committee to expel all member centres who do not conform to the principles of the Club.

It was a gratification to national pride that this resolution was the only action, only principle, brought before the Conference which commanded general approval. Unfortunately the French-Polish-Belgian bloc was determined that another resolution, this time of direct protest against the German Inquisition, should be debated at the same time. They were allowed to present their resolution as part of the discussion. The American Resolution was then carried unanimously as the principle of action to be adopted by the Congress, and the French bloc and the German group were sent out of meeting to agree, if possible, upon a form of protest which could be passed without driving the Germans from the Congress.

So much, so far, was on the surface, but the Congress was seething with an agitation that went much deeper than resolutions. Sholom Asch, the great Yiddish writer, was in the midst of them, quivering with emotion. And from among the exiled Germans, Ernst Toller, the dramatist, well known in New York, a radical who belongs to no party, a playwright of power, a man who has spent seven years in prison, and on whom the German tyrannies had inflicted intolerable wounds, was waiting to speak.

The joint committee returned with a somewhat softened resolution (which was later adopted) protesting the burning of the books and the German injustices to art, but with a provision that the German delegation, while they would not vote for it, would not oppose it, *provided* there was no discussion of the resolution to be allowed; *provided*, in other words, that Sholom Asch and Toller should not be allowed to speak. It looked like a triumph for conciliation. Actually the Germans had blocked the French, the Poles and the Belgians, and got precisely what they wanted, a cork in the mouth of dangerous speech.

The Congress also was for the moment blocked,—until H. G., in that squeaky Cockney French of his, his thin voice surmounting a storm, announced that discussion would not be shut off while he remained in the chair and the presidency, that Toller, even if the German P.E.N. had expelled him, should speak, and could speak at the request of the President, in behalf of the long list of German writers and scholars in jail or in exile. Such a verbal riot followed as no Anglo-Saxon country can provide.

It was from one point of view a magnificent comedy, yet of deep significance. For the immediate consequence was a heart-rending appeal from Sholom Asch, now given his tongue, followed by a defense of spiritual liberty from Ernst Toller, a deep-eyed man, humorous, but with fire burning in him of an eloquence and a passion that swept the Congress, and apparently in its press reports all Eastern Europe. On the trip through Serbia which some sixty of us took afterwards, it was everywhere "Toller, Toller!" The young people from the universities mobbed the train and carried him on their shoulders. The opera in Belgrade had to stop, the session at the university where with perfect courtesy I with five other official delegates were cheered as we spoke, broke up at the end into a wild tumult calling for Toller. And this in a rigid dictatorship!

In short, this Congress accomplished three things. It passed a general resolution asserting the principle of a reasonable freedom for art and deep opposition to Chauvinistic tyranny, with a rigorous provision that after time for reformation had been granted, the P.E.N. Clubs should be purged — and not only of German Chauvinism. Thereby it secured its own perpetuation as an organization which for

(*Continued on page* 670)

To the Editor:—

Letters are welcomed, but those discussing reviews will be favored for publication if limited to 200 words.

Rube Goldberg Reading

Sir: The letter from Merlin N. Hanson advocating uncut pages, seems to me naive to the point of absurdity. Why not use invisible ink? Why not encase the book in a carton sealed and locked with ball and chain? Why not make the opening and the reading and enjoyment of a book a task for a Houdini?

Books are meant to be read, not to be grappled with.

M. LINCOLN SCHUSTER.

New York City.

A Mathematical Flea Hunt

Sir: A. E. Housman's lecture on "The Name and Nature of Poetry" contains many good bits which the periodicals will be reprinting for weeks to come. His utterances have been so few that I feel certain that your readers will be glad to see the following sentences from an address before the British Classical Association in 1921. "A textual critic engaged upon his business is not at all like Newton investigating the motions of the planets: he is much more like a dog hunting for fleas. If a dog hunted for fleas on mathematical principles, basing his researches on statistics of area and population, he would never catch a flea except by accident. They require to be treated as individuals; and every problem which presents itself to the textual critic must be regarded as possibly unique."

The title of the paper was "The Application of Thought to Textual Criticism."

CLARENCE STRATTON.

Cleveland, Ohio.

Hard To Refute

Sir: Mr. Yarros's reproach of *The Saturday Review* for past editorial gloom is good reading, especially because, to put it glibly, the editorials in question are harder to refute than to affirm. Mr. Yarros is owed a debt; but only, I think, because his contentions would be very pleasant if they were true. Mr. Yarros says that a writer may (and perhaps that was a word well chosen!) do first-rate work provided he possesses discipline and talent; he adds that no particular religious or high ethical principle underlies the best literature, good character creation has nothing to do with beliefs (which he confesses have been shattered), life is now as rich as ever, and justice and humanity will always serve (others failing?) as guiding principles. Now Mr. Yarros's admission about beliefs deprives of reason his remaining thoughts. For, psychologically, any learned verbal response amounts to belief, and learning is the consequence of the discipline (inhibition) and the talent (the special ability to be disciplined) of which he speaks; and, since anything a man writes is composed totally of his beliefs, if his beliefs appear to be disordered and inconsistent and inconstant it is evident that his mental life has been thoroughly disrupted. Discipline has failed, life is not rich for *him*, he cannot describe justice and humanity: all of his expression will bear the scars of uncertainty.

G. J. WYCKOFF.

Mountain Lakes, N. J.

More About Cue Ball

Sir: This is another installment about "Cue Ball" Hennessey, the signboard sandwich man with literary ambitions. Don't be surprised if you see the signboard advertising an oriental restaurant parked without Cue Ball under it. He may be down in Theatre Alley where the shades of Washington Irving are guiding him to the arms of Morpheus; or as near to Morpheus as one can get in a barrel. If, however, from his vantage point he sees you make a purchase from one of the downtown open shelved book-stalls he may approach you, asking, "What book did *you* buy?"

That's the opening he made with me. No, I wasn't surprised. I had just purchased "Strictly Business," and after reading O. Henry are you startled at anything?

"Strictly Business?" he asked. "I've read it; but say what could he do with such a title nowadays?"

"You see," he continued (this was our first meeting, too), "I'm sort of on a commission proposition. They give me these tickets to pass you and if people don't return so many to the cashier—why I'll be discharged. Say, where do you eat?"

Cue Ball reached over to his parked sign, and took one of the little cards which were stuck at handy angles. That's one of his "secrets of success." He doesn't stand and hold the cards appealingly; nor does he belligerently thrust them like pledge cards into hurrying insurance brokers' hands. He lets the public come to him. For most people when they see the sign unguarded will snatch a card. "Maybe," suggested Cue Ball, "they think they're getting away with something."

What's in his name? Just a tattoo mark —a big black ball with the letters "Que." On close inspection it looks like the ball had been patterned over a heart; and the "Que" drawn from "Sue."

But the story would come too high; for he swallows hard and talks rapidly if you ask him more.

JEFF MILLER.

New York City.

Railroad Man's Bible

Sir: On Page 98 of Human Being Christopher Morley refers to the Official Guide of the Railways as being "known as 'Bullinger.'" This is not correct. The Official Guide and "Bullinger" or Bullinger's Guide are two separate and distinct publications. Bullinger's Monitor Guide, formerly "The Counting-House Monitor," is devoted primarily to local information, that is, Railroad Time Tables and schedules of other transportation lines into and out of New York City. It was established in 1869 and was published for many years by E. W. Bullinger, a capable compiler and publisher, an esteemed contemporary, and a delightful character generally. "Bullinger's" is in loose leaf form, a new supplement issued each week. It is still published regularly.

The Official Guide, which contains the matter described in Chapter XIV of "Human Being," is published by us and is known as the "Railroad Man's Bible": it was first issued in May, 1868, and has been published as a monthly periodical continuously since that date. Incidentally, I might say that Mr. Morley's reaction to the information contained in the Official Guide is exceedingly interesting. It brings out many phases which have escaped us who no doubt have been too close to the picture.

A. J. BURNS.

New York City.

Gentle Master De Vere

Sir: Tucker Brooke's "Gentle Master Spenser" in your issue for June 3 is fairly interesting. According to *Time* the Professor is Yale's leading "Marlovian." For all his newspaper praise, he does not seem to know that "Edmund Spenser" was a pen-name of Edward DeVere, 17th Earl of Oxford. Or that the alleged inscription to Elizabeth Boyle—Sonnet No. I of Amoretti, which Dr. A. W. S. Rosenbach states was inscribed by Spenser to Elizabeth Boyle—is a rank fake. This is demonstrated by Elizabethan acrostic reading. The Sonnet was written by Edward De Vere for Mary Sidney, Countesse of Pembroke. I can demonstrate it for skeptics. Acrostics were part of an Elizabethan writer's work. In everything he wrote —poems, plays, and stories—the Elizabethan wove the names of friend, or foe, and always his own. Because they do not understand, professors of English literature are slow to take up the study. They will in time. The Bodleian Library is interested.

Until we deciphered the Rosetta Stone, the Egyptian hieroglyphics were blank. Until we study the Elizabethan acrostics, the Elizabethan literature will be blank to college professors. A closed mind is a terrible handicap in the search for truth.

GEORGE FRISBEE.

San Francisco, Cal.

John Cowper Powys

Sir: I have been for the past four months engaged in the compilation of a bibliography and check-list of the first editions of John Cowper Powys. As this work is nearing completion, and before sending it to the printers, I should like to get in touch first with any one who may have or know of any material relating to Powys that may not yet have come to my attention.

BELTRAN MORALEZ.

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Conducted by MAY LAMBERTON BECKER

Inquiries in regard to the choice of books should be addressed to MRS. BECKER, c/o *The Saturday Review*. As for reasons of space ninety percent of the inquiries cannot be answered in print, a stamped and addressed envelope should be enclosed for reply.

LETTERS continue to arrive with news of dolls and puppets: meanwhile a robust and practical book about the latter, "Be a Puppet Showman," by Remo Bufano, has been published by the Century Company and has taken my affections by storm. For I caught marionette fever—along with several community colds—a good while ago in those crowded little ground-floor theatres on the East Side of New York where you could be sure of at least three whacking good battles, a princess or two with large eyes and long hair, and (if you were lucky) perhaps a necromancer in action with red fire. Remo Bufano's art springs from this ancient and vital tradition, however modern it now is. *Mrs. K. N. Rosen, 410 Riverside Drive, N. Y.,* who specializes in Russian picture-books, sent me a tantalizing list dealing with toys and dolls. The former have inspiring titles, like "We'll Make Them Ourselves: Toys Made of Pine-Cones" (Moscow, 1927), "Toys Made from Potatoes" (State Editions, 1931), and other creative enterprises. Mrs. Rosen's list, which she sent me to forward to the original inquirer, arranges doll and puppet books by countries, the Germans having an amazing number. Collectors should add to the English books "The Book of the Queen's Dolls' House," 2 vols.: vol. 1, "The Queen's Dolls' House," vol. 2, "The Queen's Dolls' House Library," a limited edition with innumerable illustrations, some in colors, published by Methuen in 1924. The second volume has sketches and poems written expressly for this little library by some of the most famous English authors. "Toys and Toymakers," by James Tippet (Harper), should certainly be added to the American list; I unhappily overlooked it. Other entries are A. C. Ellis and G. Stanley Halls' "Study of Dolls" (Pedagogical Seminary, bd. 4, Worcester, Mass., 1896-97), "Dolls of the Tusayan Indians" in the International Archives of Ethnography, vol 7, 1894, and Philip Kester's "On Dolls" in the *International Studio*, 1923.

Reports continue of doll collections in museums and public libraries, where they seem everywhere popular. Miss Julia Douglas, of the Evergreen Public Library, Colorado, writes that "this library has something more than one hundred seventy, all gifts, as the library lives on nothing certain a year"—this year nothing, more than certain. No salaries, perhaps fortunately just now.

> The collection of American Indian dolls, including Alaskan, is small but very good: mostly Southwestern though there are excellent examples of Iroquois cornhusk dolls. Europe and the Orient have a share as well as our mothers and grandmothers; far too few of these last. To the great entertainment of the children, Little Black Sambo is strutting away from the tigers in his recovered finery. Mary Queen of Scots is the prize, made from a portrait by a London doll artist who never duplicates. I brought the doll idea from Newark, when much against my will, I left the library there to try the effect of Colorado's climate on an eastern throat. Three other collections in as many states have been started through seeing this, and of course it all goes back to Newark which makes me glad indeed.
>
> Mrs. Watson, the children's librarian in Denver, has a good collection in the children's room. She was able to get the friendship doll sent from Japan to Colorado, and just imagine my feelings when I see it, even though the Evergreen library can't spare room for the gorgeous creature. Occasionally Mrs. Watson and I exchange treasures for a time, and even from Montclair (N. J.) there came a friendly loan with one from here in return. The library has several of the doll stories you mentioned, as well "Peeps at the World's Dolls."

And L. K., New York City, says:

> In Paul McPharlin's "A Repertory of Marionette Plays" (Viking Press) he has an interesting note on miniature theatres with cardboard actors (beginning p. 19, notes preceding "The Scourge of the Gulph" by Jack B. Yeats). Here he mentions two publishers in London who still sell penny cut-out theatres. He also mentions with considerable glee a theatre of this sort he bought in Flatbush when a small boy.

L. K. has been a teacher, whose pupils put on a number of delightful marionette plays that they themselves wrote, "The Boston Sea Party" and "The Friar and the Boy" among them. A good book for practice in such adaptations is "Puppet Shows for Home and School," by Maude Owens Walters (Dodd, Mead), which is simple and uses ready-made toys as well as regular puppets.

J. G., *Independence, Kansas,* is haunted by the last line of an old book, "one of those things girls used to read over and over in the dreamy teens," and runs as follows: "And so, making new friends and keeping the old, we leave them." It is not an Alcott book, and J. G. would be happy to find once more what it is. The same inquirer recommends as a novel quite as exciting and closer to the facts than "Cimarron," the 1920 novel "Free Soil," by Margaret Lynn, called by Howells the best novel of its period. *N. M., La Salle, Col., interested in recent books concerning Mark Twain,* may add to the list here lately provided "Mark Twain the Letter Writer," a collection of letters by him dating from 1868 to 1910, interspersed with anecdotes by some of those who knew him and edited by Cyril Clemens. (Meador Press). *R. A. S., New York,* adds to the list on jobs the information that the *Brooklyn Daily Eagle* from January 10 to 22, 1933, contained answers to the question "How I beat the depression," from which the inquirer on one-man businesses might get useful suggestions.

A SELECTED BOOKSHELF

for Your Vacation Home

● Whether at a mountain camp, a beach cottage, or on shipboard, Books, *good books* are indispensable to the complete enjoyment of your summer outing. Here is a list of titles selected with every member of the family in mind:

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The World Since 1914
by **Walter C. Langsam**
"Superbly comprehensive in its sweep and yet characterized by a wealth of detailed information."—*N. Y. Evening Post.* $4.00

The New Background of Science
by **Sir James Jeans**
An accounting, by the master of lucid analysis, of the advances made and the progress to be expected in science. $2.50

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by **A. S. Eddington**
One of the most popular of scientific writers explains the latest theory: that the universe is *constantly expanding!* $2.00

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As the Earth Turns
by **Gladys Hasty Carroll**
"Every character is vivid as an individual. . . The best American novel I have read in ten years."—*Ted Robinson, Cleveland Plain Dealer.* $2.50

The Witch's Cauldron
by **Eden Phillpotts**
"Has a desperate tenseness . . . builds up horror in effortless progress . . . of its type, a masterpiece!" — *Chicago Daily News.* $2.00

The Martyr
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"O'Flaherty's finest novel . . . throbs with emotion and the climax is stupendous."—*Phila. Inquirer.* $2.00

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"Not since *The Harbor* has Mr. Poole written with such force and distinction."—*Charles Hanson Towne.* $2.00

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"One of the greatest historical novels of the last twenty years."—*Chicago Herald Exam.* $2.50

And for the children

Cowboy Holiday
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The PHŒNIX NEST

By WILLIAM ROSE BENÉT

DECAMPING INCIDENT

I HAVE run slightly ahead of myself in this brief account of *The Saturday Review's* salad days, and find that I have omitted the incident of *Mr. Morley's* valedictory to the new owners of *The New York Evening Post*. My noble confrère is unusually apt at quotation, but in this instance he surpassed himself. He was struck by no less than a pure inspiration. In the final instalment of his *Bowling Green* as a regular newspaper column, he called upon *William Shakespeare* for assistance, and the Swan of Avon did not fail him. Morley, in fact, imped his own fleeting wing with an immortal quill. He turned to "The Taming of the Shrew" and found there, in the first scene of the fourth act, the following opening lines of a speech by Grumio:

> A cold world, Curtis, in every office but thine; and therefore, fire!

So inspired a farewell should have been *stetted*; but there exists a wider divergence in that unaccountable quality known as a sense of humor than, probably, in any other manifestation of the intelligence of man—and the valedictory quotation was killed in all later editions of the *Post*. Afterward, *Mr. Curtis* himself, whose sense of humor was keen, chuckled over this episode with Mr. Morley, and said he thought it a great pity the item had been removed.

OUR CONRAD ERA

My last mention of a date was June, 1925. On the 20th of that month we announced that, beginning the next week, and continuing until September, we would print successive instalments of *Joseph Conrad's* last novel, of which he had written 80,000 words at the time of his death. No one quite knew how the author had meant to finish the story, which returned to the Mediterranean scene and the Napoleonic epoch. We invited our readers to join in a game of literary speculation, and offered $1,000 in prizes for the best essays on the probable ending of "Suspense," which was the title of the novel. It had been procured for serialization by arrangement with the then firm of Doubleday, Page & Company, the publishers of the book. There was to be a first prize of $500, a second of $250, and so on. The judges of the essays were *Captain David W. Bone*, an old friend of Conrad, *Joseph Hergesheimer*, and *Professor William Lyon Phelps*. The contest closed on October 1st, 1925. On November 14th the awards were announced, first prize going to *Samuel C. Chew*. His essay and the essay of the winner of the second prize, *David Lambuth*, were printed in that issue, while the winners of the lesser cash prizes had their contributions published in the following one. Fifty others received one volume each from a list of Conrad's complete works.

JOYS OF *THE PHŒNICIAN*

At this time I was using asterisks in *The Phœnix Nest*, according to old practice on the *Post*—and in no invidious sense! Along about July 1926 I had done with them and began to end paragraphs with three dots. *Isabel Paterson*, of *Books, New York Herald Tribune*, still sprinkles her Book Worm discourse with three dots here and there, and I believe she once referred to the fact that she had been instructed to take over this idiosyncrasy from us. Mrs. Paterson became my most admired and respected rival and soon, indeed, forged far ahead of me in the philosophical content of her observations. And yet she never discovered such a poet as *Wladimir Ladovitch*, of Washington, D. C., whose "Gamut of Love" I fell upon, purely by accident, with a piercing scream. I still recall this stanza from his "Cossack of the Caucasus":

He threw his arms of steel about her form
(More ships fail in calm than storm);
He drew her face up to his own—nor made
she move nor moan.
Now on her lips his kisses fell, then sought
the doorlet of each eye's soft cell;
Brow followed next and soft coiffure—
madly he rove nor sought excuse to offer!

But, as I remarked at the time, "What excuse could he offer while so madly he rove?" Discoveries such as this were what made the harried life of *The Phœnician* almost unbearably happy at times!

ONCE MORE WE MOVE!

Though still published by *Time, Incorporated*, we were all taken by the forelock and moved from the East Thirties to the West Forties the beginning of September, 1925. With the Advertising Manager of *Time, Bob Johnson*, we shared at first the offices on the eighth floor that were later given over wholly to our own cohorts. While missing the redolent atmosphere—maltworms that we had become!—of the old Brewery district, we rejoiced in our smarter appanage and the proximity of glamorous Fifth Avenue. Across the street from us—which thoroughfare then was, as it still is, West Forty-fifth Street—we could almost see into the windows of the Harvard Club dining-room, while *Putnam's* was but a little way down the block. The infant *New Yorker* soon had floor-space above us and started in upon its coruscating career under the guidance of *Harold Ross* and *Rea Irvin*. We felt we were in very snappy surroundings and tried to act accordingly. At the end of January, 1926, so great became our independence that we announced that *The Saturday Review Company, Inc.* (And Inc. is such a necessary feature of a literary Corporation!) had purchased the stock interest of *Time, Inc.*, and would, with the next issue, take over the publication of *The Saturday Review of Literature*.

It must be confessed, however, that this move was specifically prompted by the "crashing" of a certain Air Mail plane in the mountains of Pennsylvania. *Time*, though still in New York, was at that time published in Cleveland, owing to the exigencies of a growing circulation. Therefore our own copy and cuts were also shipped to Cleveland, and with the crashing of that unlucky plane, we suddenly lost the material for an entire issue, for which we were forced to find substitutions within twenty-four hours! We felt that such frenzied crises must be avoided in the future.

Our next masthead bore signs of reorganization, inasmuch as *Roy E. Larsen* now became our Vice-President, and *Noble A. Cathcart* our Secretary-Treasurer. All business communications were to be addressed to the latter. Roused by all this excitement I myself changed the title of "Cursive and Discursive" to "Cursing and Discoursing," drew an owlish pen-and-ink for the column-head, and crying "Still more merrily move the days!" left in a cloud of dust for West Philadelphia, writing a phenomenal poem *en route*, which, I remember, began:

A young man who had been to a cocktail
party ending in liqueurs
Was now sitting in a Pullman car that was
bound for Philadelphia.
He envied his wife the composure of feature so classically hers.
So regal she looked he felt like saying,
"Hello, you little Guelph, ye!

Nevertheless, I had to return to work anon. It was, perhaps, just as well!

SOME TWINKLING STARS

At about this time I distinctly recall—not without a glance, a mere glance, at the invaluable files!—that *Mr. Louis Kronenberger* contributed to the *Review* a short discourse upon a new story-writer praised by such worthies as *Sherwood Anderson* and *Ford Madox Ford*, whose name happened to be *Ernest Hemingway*. His book was "In Our Time." Mr. Kronenberger, while admitting Mr. Hemingway's achievement, opined that he was a "synthetic observer" rather than an "analyst." In the same number of our periodical *Elmer Davis* was deftly parodying *John Erskine* whose "Helen of Troy" had just come over the horizon.

We had begun using a small woodcut of a medieval ship to set above certain special essays and longer poems which we published from time to time in our 10-pt. section. Notable contributions under this head were by *Stella Benson*, *Emanuel Carnevali*, *Edmund Wilson* (a poem), *Mrs. Joseph Conrad*, and others. Then Mr. Morley went for a trip abroad, and *Ernest Sutherland Bates*, the late *Charles A. Bennett* (one of our liveliest wits), and other notables filled *The Bowling Green* in his absence.

I find, at this point, that the variegated fulness of our history will necessitate a third instalment of this inimitable chronicle. Watch for it next week!

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South Moon Under

by

Marjorie Kinnan Rawlings

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—*New York Herald Tribune.*

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South Moon Under

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"No piddling succession of phrases . . . can convey the riches of the book. . . He is one of the few living writers who point unhesitatingly straight toward the future. At some later date, when the little ones ask you 'Grandfather, what did you do before the revolution?' perhaps the only answer many of us will be able to make will be, 'I was a contemporary of Jules Romains.' "—Clifton Fadiman, in *The New Yorker.*

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The Book-of-the-Month Club selection for July

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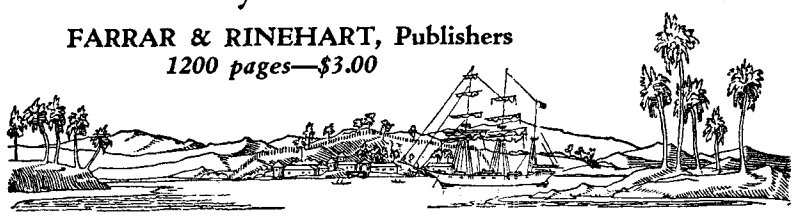

The New Books

Fiction

TRAVAIL OF GOLD. By E. F. BENSON. Doubleday, Doran. 1933. $2.

It is just forty years since the appearance of his brilliant "Dodo" turned the limelight upon the younger son of the Archbishop of Canterbury. Since then Mr. Benson has placed to his credit a list of titles of considerable variety,—it needs a whole page of the fly leaves of this book to record them—ranging from the delectable "David Blaize" series to caustic novels such as the present story. This is a study in cynical meanness; the full length picture of an intellectual, highly polished cad,—a devastating performance, carried through unsparingly. It leaves a bad taste in the mouth—as Mr. Benson means it to do.

Chris Merivale starts as a young man of promise, still in possession of ideals and aspirations as a dramatist. He is shown in contrast to the woman who loves him, Nancy, a struggling young actress,—who develops into an English Duse. While she succeeds, Chris fails and becomes embittered, jealous of her triumphs. Then he too succeeds, by abandoning his ideals and writing venomously clever satirical plays. The story then records his progressive degeneration until he becomes a monster of cynicism and selfishness. The book is highly effective; one will not forget the unspeakable Chris.

TOUCH US GENTLY. By HARRIET HENRY. Morrow. 1933. $2.

Miss Henry's fourth novel is the familiar stencil of the older wife, younger husband, and young girl triangle, executed with little skill and conceived of practically no talent. To spice the well-known ingredients she has added the following complications, each of which might have

(*Continued on next page*)

The P. E. N. Conference

(*Continued from page* 667)

a time seemed improbable. Second, it passed a general protest against the specific wrongs committed in Germany. Third, and thanks largely to H. G. Wells, it preserved the right to a free expression of opinion, and gave voice to the torture of the expatriated writers of Germany. No one spoke more eloquently than Toller. I append a few of his remarks:

"I have been advised by many not to speak and told again and again why it is the part of wisdom to keep silent. But the first duty of the writer is to the spirit. Anyone who believes that life is ruled by moral law as well as by force has no right to maintain silence. . . ."

(*Interruption:*) "You have no right to speak, as you are a communist. You are attacking Germany."

"I am not a member of the Communist party. I speak as a writer, not against Germany, but against violence anywhere throughout the world. I fought in the war on the German side, and only when I discovered that the war was an outrage did I rebel against it. . . ."

(Here follows a bitter arraignment of the German P.E.N. Club for its subservience to Hitlerite doctrine, and its failure to take up the cause of its members exiled or in prison.)

"It will be charged against me in Germany that I have spoken against my country. That is not true. I have taken my stand only against the methods of the men who are today in control in Germany but who do not represent all of Germany. Millions of men in Germany dare not speak or write freely. What I say here I say for those millions who today are perforce voiceless. The German rulers refer to the great figures of their country. How are the intellectual precepts of Goethe, Schiller, Kleist, Herder, Lessing, Frederick the Great, reconcilable with the persecution of free men, with the persecution of the Jews? How brilliantly are these precepts carried out by the regulations which today prevail! The only living grandson of Bismarck is ruled out from holding office because he had a Jewish grandmother; the son of Stresemann cannot be a state advocate because his mother was a Jewess.

"Madness is the order of the day, barbarism has seized upon humanity. The air about us grows more and more difficult to breathe. Do not let us deceive ourselves; the voice of humanity will only be heeded by the mighty when it serves as a support for their political purposes. Let us not deceive ourselves into believing that politicians of other lands will endure us, or not pursue us, as soon as we become uncomfortable for them. And the voice of truth has never been comfortable."

--AND PUBLISHED BY MORROW

THE ARCHES OF THE YEARS
by Halliday Sutherland
Life, as seen by a famous British physician, in an informal autobiography of rare charm and excitement. $2.75 ☐

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by Harriet Henry
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FAÇADE
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Check this list and consult your bookseller.

--AND PUBLISHED BY MORROW

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You'll have to — to solve "Death Whispers."

CAN YOU
Stand Spine-Chilling Thrills?
You'll have to take them—when you read of how Roderick Myncheon died.

CAN YOU
Chuckle—Laugh—Roar?
You won't be able to help yourself — when you meet Oceola Archer, detective.
Here's the first new writer in years worthy to rank with the best of Van Dine, Ellery Queen and Barnaby Ross.

DEATH WHISPERS
by JOSEPH B. CARR
THE VIKING PRESS $2.00

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The New Books

Fiction

(Continued from preceding page)

served, and has already served, for a machine-made novel of its own: career-versus-marriage; famous-actress-wife versus obscure-fine-grained husband; young girl the step-daughter of older-wife. Claire Tennant is the famous older wife, Ivor the fine-grained editorial husband, Kit the bright, honest young step-daughter. These characters Miss Henry handles with so manifest a lack of intuition, steering them through such commonplace situations and eliciting such banal implications that it is more than difficult to work up any sympathy for their plight.

FAÇADE. By THEODORA BENSON. Morrow. 1933. $2.50.

This novel by the talented daughter of Lord Charnwood is one of those books that lure the reader on by page-to-page charm and remain disappointing when finished because no definite goal is reached or even suggested. Early in the book there is a sense of looseness of construction, of wandering from character to character, but the constant expectation that this fault will be remedied before the story is finished is never fulfilled. On the contrary, at the very end there is a quite definite shift in interest, and nothing at all is made of what has appeared to be the central incident.

Smart London and county society is Miss Benson's concern, the society in which lovers are freely accepted on both sides, and few principles of any sort hinder the actors in the drama from doing what they wish. This society, these English people, it is very evident she knows both inside and outside; her characters have too much reality to be allowed to come to nothing. Tony, whose chief interest is in race horses, has just fallen in love with Phillipa, young and altogether charming, when the story opens. He finds himself in need of money and "dopes" one of his horses to get it. Caught by the stewards and warned off, he tries to break with Phillipa, who will not give him up, and so they marry.

Tony thinks England is out of the question because of his disgrace, although most of his friends rally 'round, and so he and Phillipa set off to strange places. They make out rather better than one might have expected, since Tony has a beautiful and sophisticated mistress in the background; eventually they return from their wanderings and are left at the close of the book about to settle on Tony's country place. . . . What real effect, if any, Tony's conduct has upon his character is never made evident; perhaps, although this is very hard to believe, Miss Benson is saying that the people of whom she writes are incapable of being disturbed in the least by any of their actions. What becomes of fair play and all the dear old English shibboleths?

Miss Benson writes very well indeed at times, in a style with real charm, although at others it is like her idea of construction, too diffuse. She obviously has it in her to write entertaining novels—"Façade" is readable even though it comes to nothing and will not be remembered by any reader for more than a few days—but her technique needs attention before she can make the most of her obvious gifts.

The Children's Bookshelf

"Full Steam Ahead," by Henry L. Bent (Macmillan: $2.), might well be slipped into the luggage of the fortunate boy or girl whose vacation is destined to include a sea voyage. The effectively illustrated book is an account of a six-day transatlantic crossing, of what happens of interest to a child on such a trip, how a "floating hotel" operates, what the officers and crew do. Mr. Bent presents these facts in story form with the same appreciation and understanding of youthful curiosities which so satisfied young railroad enthusiasts in "Clear Tracks Ahead."

A third grader and a fifth grader rush gladly from city and school to their father's ranch in Montana. "Jack and Matt of the WX," by Kathryne Vanhoy and Elinor Hendrick (Duffield & Green: $2.) is the straightforward story of the fun and experiences the two boys shared. Pets, trips with the cowboys, gardening, making a tractor, exploring, fishing, all contributed to their full outdoor summer. The book is refreshingly free from sentimentality. The illustrations from photographs are as convincing and direct as is the text. The whole gives an excellent picture of present-day life in the cow country.

"Stumpy" (John Day: $2.) is also a resident of Montana—a wise, little chipmunk living a gay though hazardous existence in the woods near Goose Ray. Frank B. Linderman, who yrites Stumpy's autobiography for six to ten year old readers, is a woodsman of long experience as well as a notable interpreter of Indian and animal life. The book is rich with his knowledge of forest creatures.

"The White Sparrow" (Macmillan: $2.), on the other hand, is the story of a city bird, one of especial distinction and charm hatched just above the water in the Medici Fountain in the Luxembourg Gardens in Paris. Only an exceptionally gifted story teller would have suspected *his* adventures. The author is the always enchanting Padraic Colum. The pictures are by Lynd Ward. The pretentious appearance of the book, however, seems out of key with the tone of this delectable and winning little tale.

Latest Books Received

ART

Swedish Art. J. Roosval. Princeton Univ. Pr.

BIOGRAPHY

Dictionary of American Biography. Ed. D. Malone. Vol. XI. L. MacCracken. Scrib. *Charles Lamb and His Contemporaries.* E. Blunden. Macmil. $2. *The Life of Moses Coit Tyler.* H. M. Jones. Univ. of Mich. Pr. *Quaker Militant: John Greenleaf Whittier.* A. Mordell. Houghton. $3.50.

HISTORY

History of the Lost State of Franklin. S. C. Williams. New York: Press of the Pioneers.

FICTION

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Modern Money. J. C. Bonine. Stratford. $1.50. *The Meaning of Right and Wrong.* R. C. Cabot. Macmil. $3.50. *Diet in Sinus Infections and Colds.* E. V. Ullmann, M.D. Macmil. $2. *The Natural Laws of Social Convulsion.* S. A. Reeve. Dut. $5. *Value Theory and Business Cycles.* H. L. McCracken. New York: Falcon Press. $4. *The Book of the Tiger.* Brig.-Gen. R. C. Burton. Houghton. $4. *The Frank Reynolds Golf Book.* Stokes. $2.

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POETRY

Panorama. A. S. Welch. Boston: Humphries. $1.75. *Fifty Poets.* Ed. W. R. Benét. Duffield. $2.50. *Sands of Scituate.* E. Litchfield. Stratford. $1.25.

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AMERICA'S literary problem is, "Who was Shake-speare?" I say, "Edward DeVere." I challenge Paradise, and Brooke, Yale; Rollins, Harvard; Rosenbach, Schelling, and Penniman, Pennsylvania; Hotson, Haverford; Roberts, U. of N. Y.; and the entire crew at Stanford and my own college, U. C., to show me that I err. Come along log-rollers and show that you are interested in your subject. Oh, yes, add Wilbur Cross to Yale. George Frisbee.

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The Inner Sanctum (remember?) returns at last to its pristine place next to reading matter and after an absence of more than a year resumes its column of public confessional, in line with the founders' policy of candor-carried-to-the-point-of-indiscretion, at thirty-four cents an agate line.

To bring the archives up to date, your correspondents briefly summarize the march of time during the sabbatical leave by listing a few—nay, practically all—of the outstanding *Inner Sanctum* publications of the last season or two:

A Glastonbury Romance JOHN COWPER POWYS
The History of the Russian Revolution LEON TROTSKY
The Pure In Heart.....FRANZ WERFEL
What We Live By.....ABBÉ ERNEST DIMNET
God's Angry Man.....LEONARD EHRLICH
Sing Before Breakfast.....VINCENT MCHUGH
A Philosophy of Solitude JOHN COWPER POWYS
A New Way to Better Golf....ALEX MORRISON
Fun In Bed.....FRANK SCULLY
Money Contract.....P. HAL SIMS
Van Loon's Geography.....H. W. VAN LOON
George Gershwin's Song Book GEORGE GERSHWIN
Tschiffely's Ride.....A. F. TSCHIFFELY

Some of these books have been intermediate successes (we haven't room here for all the out-and-out duds); one, *Van Loon's Geography*, has sold more than 138,000 copies; some (see if you can guess) have been glorious *flops d'estime;* some, like TROTSKY'S *History of the Russian Revolution*, have definitely been earmarked for immortality; *all* have been exciting adventures in this infinitely alluring and maddeningly unchartable noun-and-adjective traffic we invest, in the words of A. E. HOUSMAN, with "the name and nature" of publishing.

Inch by inch, year by year, best-seller by worst seller, *The Inner Sanctum* thus develops the adolescent equivalent of a tradition. Come Whitsuntide, your correspondents will have been publishers, man and boy, for ten years. Just a few weeks ago, with suitable hautboys and alarums, *The Inner Sanctum* received and read manuscript number twelve thousand. (It was terrible, and went back by fast courier.) During these last nine years *The Inner Sanctum* has published just exactly 251 books, of which 226 were actually books to read, the other twenty-five (may their tribe increase!) being cross word puzzle books to *write in*. Divide 226 into 12,000 and you get a mathematical statement of *The Inner Sanctum's* idea of editorial standards.

This present season—this week, in fact—marks a turning-point, a climax, a dream come true in the checquered career of your uninhibited correspondents. They have had their share of spectacular best-sellers in the field of non-fiction; they once even had to their credit five out of the six ranking best sellers in that category, at one time; they have had the unique and turbulent experience of having one book which was simultaneously on *both* the fiction and *non*-fiction best-seller lists (guess again!); they have had a few novels that sold twenty, thirty, forty, and even one hundred thousand copies; but frankly they have gone down through the late nineteen-twenties as publishers "that couldn't put over fiction." (Such is the penalty of selling 531,458 copies of *The Story of Philosophy;* more than a million Cross Word Puzzle Books; 230,123 copies of *The Art of Thinking;* 209,678 copies of *Trader Horn*, etc., etc., and only 5,841 copies of *God's Angry Man.*

What *The Inner Sanctum* needed above all was a novel to take the whole world by storm—to get reviews like *The Bridge of San Luis Rey* and sell like *All Quiet On the Western Front.*

And then came *Little Man, What Now?*

—ESSANDESS.

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Trade Winds

By P. E. G. QUERCUS

☞Old Quercus and Young Quercus (did you know there are two of them?) have fun. Young Quercus is being carefully trained and reared by old P.E.G. to enjoy (and abbreviate) publishers' publicity notes. Every least bit of catalogue, mimeograph, envelope stuffer, is conscientiously collected by both Querci all through the week. Then every Monday they visit a tavern and spend the afternoon going through their Catch. The game is to see who has the really choice items. They subject them to what Dr. S. A. Tannenbaum (author of *Shakesperian Scraps and other Elizabethan Fragments:* Columbia University Press) calls *bibliotics*—the study of texts by paleography, handwriting, chemical analysis, etc.

This week they are enjoying Charley Trolio's *Chicken Sauté à la Cacciatora* which is the Monday Special at André's on Frankfort Street. It's a long way from 45th Street, but P.E.G. is an old-timer and he has carefully taught Young Q that that basement was once the mailing room of the old *Sun*, and also that the proprietors of the restaurant are all Mouquin alumni.

Old Q:—Food should be reviewed as books are. I should like to do a note on André's Apple Pancake à l'Alsacienne.

Young Q:—What pleased me most lately was John Farrar's letter to Mr. Kroch, facsimiled in the *Publishers' Weekly*, in which he addressed him "Dear Arthur Kroch." When a publisher addresses a bookseller by his first name he should get it right.

Old Q:—You are mischievous. My pleasure this week is the monthly catalogue from Goodspeed's famous bookshop in Boston, speaking of Beacon Hill as a "Self-Made Molehill."

Young Q:—Among the publishing devices which arouse my curiosity is the legend, "Special and Exclusive," appearing on Covici-Friede's publicity releases—which reach me in the form of carbon copies. Do they keep the originals for their files?

Old Q:—The release in question exclusively informs Quercus that the fourth of Georges Simenon's four hundred books has reached American publication. This raises two more questions: have the American publishers an option on the other 396 books? If not, how many of them will be simultaneously issued, by how many publishers, after the first big Simenon success?

Young Q:—I am greatly pleased with the Confidential Bookshop Service Miss Virginia Kirkus sends out. She prepares imprinted circulars every month for a list of bookshops, and also emits a private bulletin giving her bookseller clients the candid low-down on forthcoming books. Her notes are very intelligent, and her idea has been so successful that she got out of the red in three months.

Old Q: I should have expected it; as a matter of fact she is undoubtedly a relative of ours; *Kirkus* and *Quercus* are surely the same name. You might have added that her address is 404 East 55 Street.

Young Q:—I was thinking of you the other day when I saw that a florist on 5th Avenue attracted crowds by putting a tank of hermit crabs in his window.

Old Q:—I was puzzled by a line in *Anthony Adverse*, that enormous novel about to appear. On page 46 it says "Great beeches covered with green moss on the southern side. . . ." Surely it is the *north* side of a tree that gets mossy?

Young Q:—Then you read at least 46/1224 of the book.—That delightful pamphlet *Word Study*, sent out by the G. & C. Merriam Company (address Springfield, Mass.) says that "in Anglo-Saxon, *neah* meant 'near.'"

Old Q:—It still does, down South.

Young Q:—A friendly subscriber writes from Peterborough, Ontario, that in the library there one lady asked for *The Forsyte Sago* and another for *Elizabeth and Sex.*

Old Q:—The oddity of names always pleases me. I have been told, but do not know whether accurately, that the secretary of Carl Laemmle is Uel W. Lamkin.

Young Q:—Now that J. C. Squire, the excellent English editor, has been knighted, does he become Sir John or Sir Jack? For I think his actual name is Jack.

Old Q:—The book that made the greatest dent on me this week is *The Culture of the Abdomen.* If you see me lying on the floor and "tensing" please don't call attention to it. I am in a streamline competition with Mr. George Seiffert, the Bambino of Book Salesmen.

Young Q:—Have you noticed the recent series of Gimbel advertisements? From now on, they announce, they are going to tell the whole truth about their merchandise. For instance, "These are very pretty cretonne curtains, but of course the colors will fade in the sun."

Old Q:—The same idea might be advantageously applied to book advertising. It would be fun to write an ad like this:

> JENNIE GERHARDT
> By Theodore Dreiser
> Dreiser can't write English; but then nobody else can write like Dreiser. And think of the number of pages and words you get. Anyway, the book is better than the movie.

Young Q:—Yes, or like this:

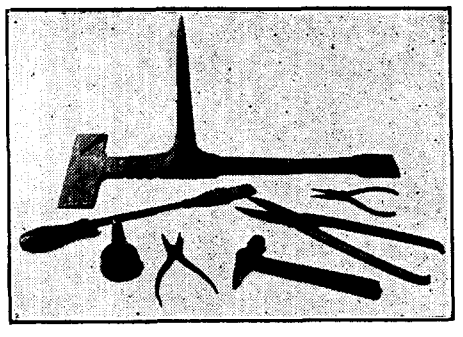
> ANN VICKERS
> By Sinclair Lewis
> The first book by Sinclair Lewis since he won the Nobel Prize. Of course a large part of the story deals with prison reform—a subject which some may find unpleasant—but concentrate on Ann and you'll see what these modern women are made of.

A voice from the next alcove: How about this?

> DANIEL DERONDA
> By George Eliot
> Illustrated edition of the most unreadable classic in English. This is the perfect gift book, since you won't mind parting with it.

Young Q:—I am always interested in *Antioch Notes*, which come to me from Yellow Springs, Ohio. They say that "civilization is the total of socially transmitted habits and attitudes. These are all that separate us from utter barbarism."

Old Q:—The most surprising item of the week in my collection is a letter from an engineer in Bedford, England, offering to sell the actual tinker's tools used by John Bunyan. He says they were given by Bunyan to the innkeeper at Elstow (near Bedford) in payment of his drink account; they were handed down from father to son and are now owned in the town of Royston, near Cambridge. Our correspondent encloses a photo of the tools; he says that Bunyan's name is scratched on one of them.



Young Q:—Curious enow! what price does he ask?

Old Q:—Excessive, I fear. He suggests £5,000, "less £500 commission to the man who sends me a Buyer who will pay all cash down."—There's your chance, it would pay for your Education.

Young Q:—Perhaps some Reviewer would buy the tools as a desk-set. There are all the necessaries—the shears, and the hammer, and the tweezers—

Old Q:—And the branding iron—

Young Q:—I begin to understand why you find book trade miscellany so enthralling. When I grow up I shall spend all my afternoons going over this dope—

Old Q:—(who has been reading *20 Years A-Growing*):—Musha, you are a likely gossoon and a credit to old Daddo.

Young Q:—A good comeback to that would have to run into overset.

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